TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One wonders when gazing at the throng of holiday-seekers lugging their baskets and babies to depot and wharf how they can find amusement while the perspiration rushes from every pore, and, wild-eyed and nervous, they seem in a continual panic for fear they will miss the train or boat, or lose some of their family by the way. Those who watch them and wonder, generally forget that to the majority this is one of less than half-a-dozen outings they have during the year. The parents perhaps know that an excursion is full of mosquito-bites, stone-bruises, and tribulation, but with happy forgetfulness they can undertake the few they can afford with cheerful resignation, if not with the anticipation of much pleasure. It is generally done for the children's sake, for the tired man and woman would rather loll in the shade or have an extra snooze in the morning than rise early and retire late, spending the interval in looking after Tommy and Mary, and Jane and Jimmy and all the rest of them who will be tagging at their skirts or wandering in dangerous paths in pursuit of adventure. To the children the thought of an excursion to some pleasure-place is full of joyous expectation, and the places they have been and the sights they have seen for months afterwards will furnish material for delightful retrospection. In after life one can look back to those tiresome days when as children we hung on to father and mother and filled ourselves with buns and watermelon, and wonder if such happy times will ever come again.

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It is a pleasant sight to see parents sacrificing themselves to their children as they do on all holidays. What is more beautiful than to see a father carrying home his sleeping child completely wearied with the racing and romping of the holiday. The boats, trains, and street cars pointed homeward on Monday night were the scenes of a thousand little tendernesses to tired children. The gentle hands of father and mother smoothed the hair and patted the perspiring cheeks of the weary little ones, and altogether these sights must soften and make better the hearts of those who see.

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And what a day for lovers! What sheep's-eyes and handshakings and nudgings and treatings; what delightful confidences! In after years, fraught with pleasant memories will be the brief holiday, when laddie and lassie could be together without the restraint of stuffy parlor and vigilant mamma. Altogether a holiday is a mighty good thing. It is a pity we haven't a few more of them in which little ones and lovers could find delight.

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As a national celebration, the first of July has very little in it to inspire patriotism or to stir up the popular spirit. In the United States the Declaration of Independence used to be read to every picnic party and at all the festive gatherings which assembled to celebrate the nation's birthday. It became fashionable to laugh at that sort of thing, but the spirit infused into the listeners by the orators and elocutionists of the nation to the south of us saved the republic in the hour of her trial. It would certainly be fitting if in Canada a little more attention were paid to the development of pride in our country and the infusion of a spirit of hope for a glorious national future. It is a dull thing to listen to speeches when they are stupid and prosy, but it is indeed pleasant to hear a patriotic orator who knows how to touch the chords of the human heart as he dilates on the glories of one's native land. School children should be taught recitations in which the greatness of Canada is set sweetly forth, and nothing would so weld the people together as one great national song which could be sung by the fishermen in the provinces by the sea, by the *habitant* on his little farm, in the audiences of Ontario, and repeated again and again on the prairies which roll westward to mountain and coast.

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The Hon. G. W. Ross at Grimsby spoke eloquently of "Canada's Outfit," and set an example which should be followed everywhere on our national day. Such speeches cultivate a spirit of oratory, and oratory, like song, is a wonderful power in shaping the destinies of a people. It is sadly true that our literature is deficient in both national song and oration, and the man who writes the first Canadian song, which will really capture the hearts and ears of the people, or the one who writes a thrilling and eloquent oration on Canada for the use of school-boys will deserve as much thanks from Canadians as is due to the greatest of the Fathers of Confederation.

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Talking about the holiday and Grimsby leads to an observation concerning the disappointment caused by Sir John. It seems he promised the Methodist brethren to be there and open the Temple, as it no doubt seemed to them particularly proper that he should officiate as their high-priest, inasmuch as he had resolved to lead a different life while under the ministrations of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter. But he didn't go, and some of the brethren seem disposed to feel hard about it. The *Globe* seizes the opportunity also of intimating that his protestations of conversion, like his promises, do not amount to much. On the surface it appears very much as if Sir John had made the promise simply with the idea of permitting the managers to use his name in their programmes and on the posters. As early as last Tuesday week they were aware that he did not intend to be present, but I did not notice any advertisement to that effect, or indeed any notable endeavor to inform people who were going there to see Sir John, that he would be absent. In the strictest scriptural sense it was the duty of the management to have as thoroughly advertised that he would not be present, as possible, in order to prevent disappointment. As this was not done, I think it is about an even thing between Sir John and the managers of the Grimsby Park Association. However, we never expect to see in the managerie all the animals displayed on the bills, nor are we particularly disappointed, for we are all weak critters, and like to be humbugged a little, and don't much care whether it is Barnum or Sir John or the managers of a park who do it.

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"What will an old man do wi' a young lassie?" is a conundrum propounded by an old Scottish song, and is yet unsolved by but few mis-mated couples, who have thought that May and December could jog along harmoniously together. The unhappy case of Winnie Lancaster, who is described in the press despatches as a handsome and well-connected young woman, who married rich Michael T. Veren, aged 60, is only one of thousands, though the sequel to the wedding is more than usually tragic. The honeymoon lasted but a week or two, with all the honey on his side and the fickleness of the moon on hers. She discovered that her spouse was too old for her, and attempted to relieve herself of his obnoxious caresses by a mixture of whisky and chloroform. When discovered she simply changed her plan of campaign, and tried to rid herself of her hated husband by using a jacknife, and bottle of laudanum on herself. Her loving husband forgave her and then she fed him and his family powdered glass, and he is likely to die and she to be hanged. When will old men learn the lesson that the kisses of age are wormwood on the lips of youth? Even when a young wife is devoted to an old husband his own suspicions create jealous phantoms which deny him rest. Nothing is so tiresome to the acquaintances or so humiliating to the friends of an old man as his continual and alert watchfulness of his young wife. What can be so galling and disgusting to a good woman as to be the object of such surveillance! If I owed any woman a grudge I think I would persuade her to marry some rich old man, and his combined jealousy and senile caresses would provide her with all the purgatory the cruellest enemy could desire. Yet it is an experiment tried every day by young women in search of homes, and I suppose the hope burns eternal in the female breast that some day she will be a widow, but with widowhood generally comes the knowledge that her charms are gone and the deceased has left his property to someone else, or the will contains some cast-iron regulation that if she looks at anybody else her jointure is to be cut off.

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His Holiness the Pope has apparently weakened in his opposition to the National League and the Plan of Campaign, though it is hinted that this is simply a public attitude, and that secretly he is enforcing his views upon the Irish episcopacy. No doubt the Pope knows his own business better than I do, but it seems to me that the unfaltering loyalty of the Irish Catholic has received a blow from the Pope's hasty condemnation of the Nationalists from which it will never recover. It was long a saying with the Orangemen, that Home Rule meant Rome Rule. I never believed it. The moment that Ireland has no further occasion to agitate for Home Rule she will turn her attention to religious matters, and will in short order release herself from the hard and fast lines of papal authority. As long as the priests were Home Rulers and assisted in the National agitation so long they maintained their influence with the fervid Irishman, but should they come in conflict with the national sentiment of the Irish they will be told to go about their business at once, and will find their parishioners as hard to manage as Balfour has discovered them to be. By many it is believed His Holiness recognized this and acted accordingly. It is the only motive which can be ascribed to him which makes his action appear anything but a huge mistake.

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That was a nice little scene in the Council while discussing the parks and drives by-law when Ald. Baxter sneered at Ald. Hallam's Shetland ponies and Ald. Hallam taunted Ald. Baxter with borrowing horses from contractors. There is too much discussion of this sort in our public bodies, and I am sorry to say there is strong foundation for charges of undue aldermanic intimacy with men who have an axe to grind, but a by-law which is intended for the public good should be discussed in a different spirit. It is to be regretted that the parks and drives scheme was introduced in such a crude state and with such insufficient estimates of the cost that it had to be killed in council. The drives should be built, but the land-owners should certainly subscribe a larger amount towards the carrying out of the scheme than they at present seem disposed to give. In the great cities of the old countries where land is much scarcer and more expensive than it is here immense parks for public recreation are always accessible, while here in Toronto, where land is now cheap though every year growing in price, we haggle and snarl over small appropriations which would every year more than pay the interest on the amount by attracting residents and tourists to our city. There may have been too little park and too much drive in the scheme which has been thrown out but that would be better than neither park nor drive. It is to be hoped that those who have interested themselves in the matter will not be discouraged but will so revise the plans they that will meet the approbation of both those who drive horses and those who trundle baby carriages. We have been threatened with the loss of our only avenue of any beauty and the only park of any value by the shameful negligence of past councils, and it is to be hoped that the history of Toronto will not record the fact that splendid opportunities have been lost by the present council of acquiring land and suitable places of recreation for our rapidly increasing population.

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Our prohibitionist friends in council assembled have been discussing the best means of obtaining a prohibitory law. As usual, it will end in talk, principally because those taking part in the conference are mostly talkers who never lose sight of their own interests, and use the temperance party as a ladder to obtain preferment for themselves. It is evident that the country does not yet want prohibition, and until it wants it conventions of prohibitionists will not bring it about, and I can't see that they are doing much to hasten it.

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King Milan of Servia has applied to the Church Synod for judicial separation from his wife, on the grounds of an "insuperable aversion" to her. Unfortunately the dispatches do not say how she feels about it. They have been married a long while, and have a son twelve years old, and it would occur to the plebeian mind that Milan must have found a prettier face or he would long ago have parted from the wife he hates. A man is in hard luck, whether he is in the king business or carries a hod, if he has an "insuperable aversion" to his wife, or when she has an "insuperable aversion" to him. It reminds me of the story of a fellow who went to sea with his wife for a honeymoon trip and they both got sea-sick and frightfully tired of each other, and sat on different sides of the deck. A gentleman came to the husband saying that his wife was chilly and wanted his rug. "Here it is," sighed the husband, "go and put it over her, like a good fellow, I can't bear the sight of her. It makes me sea-sick to look at her." That is what I would call an "insuperable aversion," and if Milan feels that way when he sees his wife I am not surprised that he should want a separation. Nor is it strange that such cases occur when kings and princes are married not for love, but to ally families or solidify nations. The very fact of having to marry a certain woman is enough to make a man hate her. Fortunately in lowly life there need be no such alliances except in cases of what is rudely known as a "shot gun wedding" where an irate relative of an injured woman gives the groom elect the choice of a wife or a funeral. The young man generally takes the wife as the less of the two evils, but he is sure to hate her, poor thing. This is the justice of a man, you know!

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The nominations for the Manitoba Legislature took place on Wednesday, eleven Liberals being returned by acclamation. As there are only thirty-eight members in the House, this leaves but nineteen to be elected, and the Liberals are certain of a large majority. The old Tory party of Manitoba seems to be disintegrating. In view of the fact that nearly all the Legislatures of the Dominion are controlled by Liberals, it seems strange that the Dominion Grits make such a bad showing. It suggests the idea that either the Liberals are too small-minded to grasp the national situation, or else all their best men are engaged in provincial politics. If a clever man were now at the head of even the disorganized faction in opposition at Ottawa, he should be able by means of the provincial patronage controlled by his party, and by adopting a progressive policy, to get together a strong party by the next Dominion election. The popular belief that Sir John, though he may go to the country once more, will never survive another term as premier, would assist a vigorous and capable man in his campaign against the second-class material upon whom the mantle of the present premier will fall. It may be said by some that Sir Charles Tupper is not inferior to his present master, but one thing is sure, he can never rally the rank and file of the Conservative party to his support as Sir John has done. In spite of these encouraging facts, and that their opponents will have to conjure with a new name, the Grit party of the Dominion is day by day going to the dogs as fast as it knows how. This can be ascribed to nothing except the stupidity, selfishness and jealousy of the small-minded men who have undertaken the management of the party's affairs. As I have often said before, what the Dominion Grit party needs is a first-class funeral, after which it perhaps might rise and walk in newness of life, arrayed in something more attractive than the grave-clothes of its none too glorious past.

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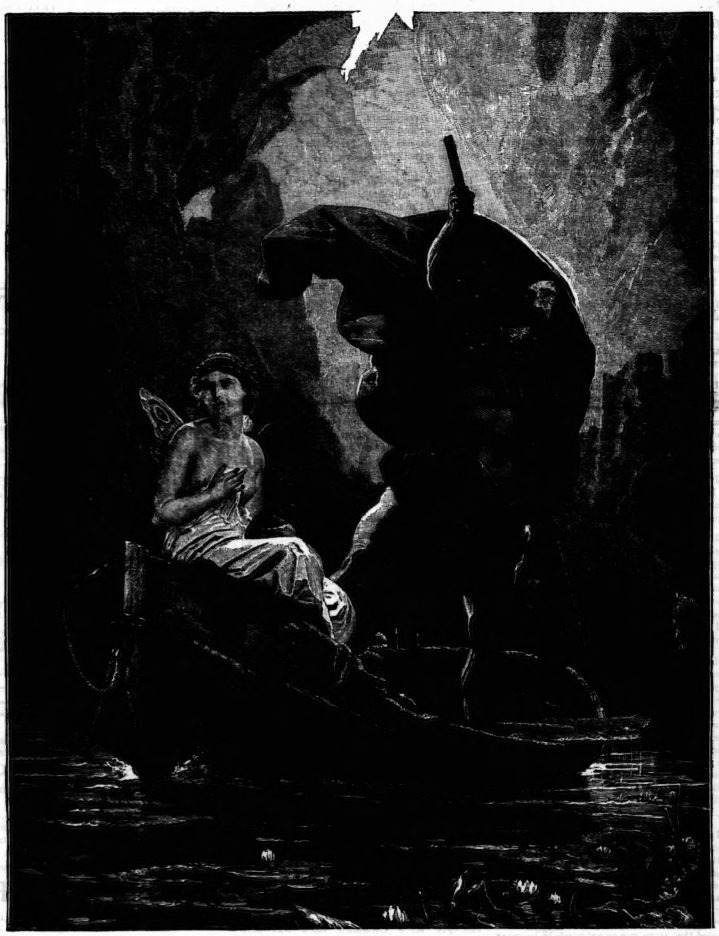
All this talk about the peace of Europe being disturbed by the enthroning of a new king in Germany appears to us on this side of the Atlantic as of little meaning except when it affects the market and raises the price of wheat. When we come to ponder for a moment on the million lives that would be wrecked or lost in a European war we cannot comprehend how the ambition of one man or a vain desire for revenge or aggrandisement could bring about such an awful result. The oft-threatened end of peace seems like the vain mouthings of fire-brands, and yet it is an ever present danger. Peace! Peace! To the unwarlike people of quiet Canada it seems as if the nations of Europe should be made to keep peace, and yet when we speak of forcing these great, armed nations to be peaceful we find ourselves beyond the limits of our force. There is no earthly power greater than the armies of Europe, and in this looking for peace, and for a force greater than belligerent kings we have to look up to the King of Kings, as no doubt many a peasant mother does when she thinks of her soldier sons, and with sinless wonder that He who rules the nations of the earth and alone has power to preserve peace, does not force the monarchs of the earth to stay their hands from the shedding of blood.

DOE.



CHARON AND PSYCHE.

Charon and Psyche.

Another passenger across on the Stygian River. In the bow sits the beautiful Psyche, whose lips are still warm with the kisses of Eros, whilst the tall, imposing figure of the aged ferryman in the stern lends an air of fitting gloom to the weird and striking picture which has immortalized the genius of the great painter, Zick.

Society.

One of those pleasant breaks in the monotony of town life in the dull season is to be afforded us on July 18 and 19, when the Electoral District Society's annual flower show will be held at the Horticultural Gardens. I sincerely hope the efforts of the society's energetic secretary, Mr. J. P. Edwards, will not be allowed to go unrewarded, and that a large attendance of the public on both days will be the result.

The advent of the Victoria Rifles on Sunday morning last created some pleasurable excitement in military and social circles. The regiment, some 350 strong, under command of Lieut.-Col. Fred Henshaw, was quartered, by the kindness of Mr. Manning and Mr. Simpson, in one of their buildings in Leader lane. On Sunday afternoon the regiment had a church parade. The Church of the Redeemer was the objective point, the procession to which was swelled by "veteran Vics" under the command of Captain Kelfond, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to turn out the old members in good style, and certainly his efforts have been crowned with success.

A very pleasant At Home was given on Dominion Day by the officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club "to meet Lieut.-Col. Henshaw and the officers of the Victoria Rifles." The day, as everyone knows, was simply perfect. From shortly after three o'clock the Esperanza and the Myrtle were kept busily plying between the Lorne street dock and the club-house wharf. The club grounds looked their best, a pleasant breeze was blowing, in fact it was just the day when a woolen jacket becomes a pleasant necessity. The courts were deserted save by promenaders, but although tennis was more honored in the breach than the observance, its place was taken and well filled by the ancient and gentle game of bowls. Several matches between Montreal and Toronto officers were eagerly contested, the palm of victory finally resting with—neither. The band of the Vics, stationed on the eastern side of the club house, and afterwards in the tennis court, played some admirable selections, whilst Marciano's band did all that Italy and music can do for the flying feet and encircled waists that mingled in the "mazy." At six o'clock the guests began to move homeward, the Vics being dined at the Reform Club at that hour by the mess of the Queen's Own. I received a courteous invitation to join the party, but, unfortunately, was unable to accept. However, I am informed that it was a most enjoyable affair, and that the representatives of the city regiments vied with each other in making it a success. Col. Otter's response to the Army and Navy was a fine effort. Col. Dawson, Col. Henshaw and others responded to various toasts. The gallant adjutant of the Grenadiers enlivened the company with one of his characteristic songs, and altogether a most pleasant time was passed under the presidency and vice-presidency of Capt. Sankey and Lieut. C. Hamilton-Baird.

Of the costumes at the At Home, it being an island entertainment the ladies' toilets were simple summer materials generally although a few handsome silks and satins were noticed, Mrs. Jack Leslie had on an exquisite silver gray merveilleux, trimmed with cut steel epaulettes, and a bonnet of grey tulle, the brim being covered over with the steel, and grey kid gloves. Miss Fanny Castle of Cobourg looked very nice in a white lawn frock trimmed abundantly with Swiss embroidery, black hat and gloves and a pretty black and white checked parasol. Mrs. Chris Baines' cherry colored sateen with a pattern in white, and straw hat to match, suited her admirably. Mrs. Sam Nordheimer looked as lovely as ever in a black and white striped satin, black hat, trimmed with black and white. Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, a striped dress of two or three colors. Mrs. Harry Webster, cream delaine with sage green facings and reveres, bonnet of the two colors and a row of pearls edging the brim. Mrs. A. H. Malloch's grey tulle bonnet and grey gown trimmed with steel were most becoming. Miss Alice Grande looked extremely pretty in a pale pink gingham, cream hat with pink flowers. Miss Langtry went in a creamy white delaine with folds of a deep sapphire blue velvet, made with panels of the cream smocked on either side of the skirt, bonnet to match. Mrs. Langmuir, black silk, jet cape and a light lace bonnet. M s. Geo. Jarvis, pale blue chambray, bonnet of tulle same shade. Mrs. Bruce Harman looked well in a very becoming shade of crushed strawberry. Mrs. Croil, black and white satin *en stripe*, skirt of the latter on the bias, bonnet of the two colors. Miss Evans wore a pretty thin white frock trimmed with beautiful Swiss embroidery, the skirt being entirely of the embroidery, white straw sailor hat with bows of ribbon. Mrs. Dawson, black satin and lace skirt, with bead trimmings, crimson bonnet and parasol. Miss Susie Jones' cream mull and lace, yellow sash and hat were most becoming. Miss Amy Gimson was admired in a toilet resembling Miss Jones' closely. Miss Boulton, coffee lace dress and hat *en suite*. Mrs. John Heward, black satin and lace. Miss Grier looked remarkably well in gray with bead trimmings, bonnet to match. Mrs. Stirling's striped flannel with green velvet facings was pretty. Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong bottled green gown and net bonnet of a lighter shade. Miss Maud Field, pale blue cashmere with a biscuit colored lace yoke. Miss Ella Gooderham, black grenadine and tulle bonnet. Miss Todd wore a pale pink veiling with dots of green chenille, velvet collar and cuffs of the latter shade. Her sister Mrs. Fred Grasett had on a striped print of two shades in blue. Miss Ince, pale mauve nun's veiling with violet plush facings, bonnet of the two shades with several rows of pearls edging the brim. Miss Thompson's striped blue sateen was very neat. Mrs. Totten, black lace frock. Miss Addie Beardmore looked well in a cream delaine, prune colored velvet hat turned up at the back with feather trimmings. Miss Mabel Bright, a very young girl, not yet out, was dressed in cream flannel. Mrs. H. Grasett Baldwin, pale blue and white striped sateen. Miss Wakeham, cadet blue and white print, Gainsboro hat. Miss Parsons, plum colored satin. Miss C. Cumberland, cream flannel, hat to match. Others present, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Judge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Dr. Grasett, Mrs. John Langtry, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murray, Miss Murray, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Tom Moss, Miss Bella Cassels, Mr. R. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. Nordheimer, Messrs. Heaton, Kershaw, Kidder, Crichton, Stewart of London, Eng., Arthur Evans, George Evans, the Misses McKellar, the Misses Larratt Smith, Mr. Austin Smith and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Piper, Mr. Henry and Miss Cawthra, Mr. George W. Beardmore, Mrs. Geo. T. Denison in gray, *en suite*, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Malloch, Mr. Philip Todd, Mr. Harry Brock, Mr. Bogue, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Miss Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ryan, Mr. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Charles Heath, Mr. Beverley Jones, Mr. Sidney Ford Jones, sr., Capt. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mr. Stanley Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, the Misses Foy, Mr. Gus Foy, the Misses Cumberland, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. E. W. Philipps, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Harris, Mr. Dave Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, the Misses Fraser, Mr. Capreol, Miss Capreol, Miss Susie Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Mr. George Gooderham, Miss Northrup, Mr. Totten, Mr. Cosby, Judge and Mrs. McDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. Ince, Mr. Young, Mr. E. M. Chadwick, Mr. V. Chadwick. Miss Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Stupart, Miss Dallas, Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Spragge, Miss Thorburn, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Miss Baldwin, Mr. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. C. Temple, Miss Gertrude Temple, Mr. J. K. Fisken and Major Harrison.

Mr. Huson Murray and family left town yesterday (Friday) to spend a couple of months at Orillia.

Mrs. and Miss Grier left on Wednesday for Chicago, to be absent about four months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt celebrated their wedding day on Thursday, June 28th.

Miss Dallas sailed from New York by the Cunard line last Saturday for the Old Country. She will be back in a couple of months.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson paid a flying visit to the city last week.

Miss Louie Murray returned to town last week after an absence of about two months spent in Quebec.

Mr. William Alexander and his daughter, Miss Kitty, are staying in town with Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy and Mr. J. L. Blaikie. Mr. Alexander lived here about five years ago, but latterly has made Santa Barbara, California, his home on account of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riordon leave for England shortly.

Miss Madge Ince leaves town to-day to visit relations in Fort Hope, and Miss Mabel Henderson in Kingston afterwards.

Miss Augusta Hodgins, who has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. Dewar, at Hamilton, has prolonged her visit beyond her original intention. Miss Hodgins can ill be spared at any time, but with the ranks of society as attenuated as they are at present this is especially the case.

Mr. William Macpherson, the eldest son of Sir David, and Mrs. William Macpherson, have come up from Quebec to pay a short visit to Toronto.

Mrs. Meyrick Bankes left at the end of last week taking her two little girls to spend a couple of months at the seaside. Her destination is Bar Harbor, and what is that place's gain is Toronto's loss. Chestnut Park will thus be vacant until its hospitable doors are once more opened on the return of Sir David and Lady Macpherson from Hamburg in September.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and the Misses Merritt have returned from a visit to Niagara, and are staying, the former at her sister, Mrs. Harman's, the latter with Col. and Mrs. Otter at the Fort. Mrs. Merritt and her daughters leave shortly on a long journey westward to Banff. At this place, which as some people may not know, is beautifully situated on a spur of the Rockies, the C. P. R. have built a magnificent hotel, which promises to be a most popular summer resort. Amongst other Toronto people, Banff will this year be visited by Mrs. Gibson, and Mr. Cecil Gibson of the Royal Grenadiers.

Apropos of the Grenadiers, the officers have made a good move in seeking to make the band of the regiment a really first class one, by getting a good regimental bandmaster from England for its management and instruction. I heard them play at the Granite Rink the other day, and their performance was something very different from what it used to be. Still I fancied that more money yet needs to be spent, for some of the instruments still seemed not quite up to the mark. If the band can be made a first-class one, there should surely be no need to ask for subscriptions to help it. Since, away from the regiment, its services are paid for, if it is really good, it should be more than self-supporting.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith and the many friends she was to have entertained on Thursday of last week had very bad luck. We have not had such a day of hopeless and continuous rain since last fall. On the following day (Friday) the clerk of the weather treated Mrs. Edgar more considerately. Her pretty house and garden on Bloor street were crowded, and her tennis courts were pronounced excellent by numbers who tried them.

On Saturday afternoon, last week, society made its way to the West, and attended Colonel and Mrs. Denison's garden party in large numbers. A finale to the week which the Body-Guard have spent in camp, it was of course attended by all the officers of that corps in uniform. Many officers from other city corps were also present, and the scene was a brilliant one. The cards of invitation had borne the words garden-party, but there was no mention of tennis, so of flannels there were none, and of light suits but few. A large garden-party is an affair of semi-state, and civilians felt that black coats and top hats must be their garb. I noticed Major and Mrs. Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mr. Standish Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Captain Sears, Captain Macdougall, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, the Misses Larratt Smith, Miss Morris, Mr. Kershaw, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Major Hamilton, Captain Fleming, Mr. Forbes Michie, Mr. George Michie.

On the morning of Dominion Day a pleasant and friendly match was played between the Barrie Lawn Tennis Club and the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, on the grounds of the latter. The best men of the T. L. T. C. were unable to play, but their second strings were sufficient, and the gentlemen from Barrie were only allowed to win one double and one single match. The play was viewed by a large contingent of spectators from Barrie, and by a good number of the members of the T. L. C. A fair sprinkling of ladies were also present. Mr. Yarker especially distinguished himself, only allowing his opponent to win one or two games in each of two setts.

On the afternoon of the same day, the Barrie club contested the Park Club of Toronto. The pretty grounds of the latter looked their best. Trees and turf have been revived and freshened by the recent rains. There were numbers of the pretty faces and charming toilets, always so great a feature of this club. The players from Barrie, partly, no doubt, owing to their morning's efforts and the exertions which they had then put forth, could do little against the Park Club. I think they did not win one match.

When my weekly gossip is being read, Miss Maude Yarker's picnic will be a thing of the past. The steam yacht Vivid has been chartered for the occasion, and on Friday a large number of guests will proceed in her from the Argonaut Club to the mouth of the Humber. Up that river in boats, tea on its ever popular banks, and home in the Vivid in time for supper at Mr. and Mrs. Yarker's hospitable house on Beverley street. A truly delightful programme, and if only Mr. Carpmael of the Observatory has been propitiated, one that promises great success.

Hamilton was *en fete* on Dominion Day. The charms which the Ambitious City always possess, and the additional attraction of a match between the eleven playing in the International match and an eleven of Hamilton and Toronto was sufficient to draw a good number of people from the latter place. Amongst their number were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. Shanley, the Misses Yarker, Mr. Cassimer Dickson and Mr. Fox.

Mrs. and Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, in the Queen's Park, have left for their summer place on the Georgian Bay. Mr. H. Campbell, who has been practising medicine in New York, was in town for a few days this week before he too proceeded northward to the same destination.

Mr. Remy Elmsile, who has spent the last two years in England, has returned to his home on St. Joseph street for a short time, and the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club have temporarily regained an active member; but it is Mr. Elmsile's intention soon to return to England.

Hon. John Beverley Robinson and Mrs. Robinson have decided not to leave town for Governor's Island, Lake Joseph, Muskoka, until August. Sleepy Hollow will therefore, for some weeks yet, be the focus of hospitality which it has been during the spring and early summer. On Sunday afternoons especially, Miss Robinson holds as large a court as she did during the years in which the greater roominess of Government House was at her disposal.

Mr. Napier Robinson is at present occupying his father's summer abode for a short time, and thither, to bear him company this week, Mr. Fox has gone.

Mr. Fox cannot have been playing tennis in his best form on Dominion Day. I see that in both his single and his double match he was vanquished by his opponents from Barrie.

Mr. Donne of the Dragoon Guards is once more in town. Mr. Donne has been spending a couple of months in California, and now on his way back to join his regiment is staying with his cousin, Mr. Reginald Thomas, at Tintagel.

In the last available numbers of English papers I read that in the week previous to their publication, there was held in London upwards of sixty important concerts. True, Toronto is not London, but still the inhabitants of this place are not unmusical in their tastes, and yet since Gilmore's band was here we have not had one concert of importance. The Pavilion, even in the hottest weather, is cooler than the average domicile, and if only an impressario of enterprise could be found to bring good opera or good concert he would make money, and would earn the gratitude of the many lovers of music and seekers after something to do in the evening who abound here.

I have received a card from the enterprising manager of the Queen's-Royal, Niagara, announcing that his "Hops" begin this week. Certainly, as visitors to the camp last week found, Niagara is a hot place and dancing makes it hotter still, yet the trip across the lake is always refreshing, and a good floor and good music is assured to all who will go.

Colonel Henshaw of the Victoria Rifles was the guest of Messrs. Tilley and Harry Gamble at the Island last Saturday. The gallant Colonel must have acknowledged that no prettier cottage of the kind was to be found at Lachine or similar riverside suburbs of Montreal.

Mrs. and Miss Small are seeking repose, and I hope finding it, at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton, and the Misses D'Arcy Boulton are also staying at the village by the lake.

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Now that the water commissioners are displaying such praiseworthy and unwonted activity in the matter of inspectors I wonder if mothers cannot urge upon the proper authorities the necessity for more stringent laws in the matter of plumbing. "I took all my children to the seaside last year," said a friend of mine lately. "They were in perfect health while away and came back to Toronto as sturdy looking urchins as one could wish to see. We occupied a different house on our return, our lease of the one in the east end having expired. The new house had a very nice appearance and was apparently perfect in every respect and quite worth the extremely large rent we paid. Before we had lived there three months we had nursed our whole family through diphtheria and had lost one member of it. The whole trouble arose from cheap, defective plumbing and drainage. Now had the house collapsed and thus killed or injured any of its inmates the contractor or builder might possibly have been held liable to prosecution for criminal carelessness. But there is no punishment for the man whose grasping knavery makes even the most attractive edifices naught but whited sepulchres. Do you not think," she continued, "that first class drainage, or drainage as near perfection as capable hands can make it, should be made compulsory or that landlords should be compelled, when negotiating with possible tenants for their houses, to produce certificates from an inspector certifying as to the first, second or third class qualities of their system of drainage. Thus forewarned people would have some idea, however slight, of what they might expect and could take all the precautions necessary in the circumstances."

*

Of course there were shoals of females abroad on our national holiday, whose dresses had just two nights before quitted the spider-like domain of the dressmaker. No offence is meant, but I always like a fond lingering look at my dress material in case that particular one should "ne'er come forth again," for it rarely does inside of six weeks anyway. One of the dresses visible for the first time on Dominion Day was of an electric-blue shade trimmed profusely with steel. A pretty dress, but the wearer was too sallow for such a trying color. An artistic combination was of fawn and pink with bronze braid trimmings. A girl who was arrayed in an exquisite pink and white striped zephyr had the stripes so matched that they ran bias right round her bodice and drapery—that is to say, the stripe which began on the tip of her right shoulder ran downward across the bust, and was so cleverly matched with the stripe on the other half of the front where the bodice fastened that it was apparently one continuous stripe down to a point under the left arm. She looked a good deal like a barber's pole, but the idea is one of the fashionable modes of arranging striped material, and being tall and slight she appeared to greater advantage than she might otherwise have done.

*

Another costume had a tucked underskirt of heliotrope and white striped cambric. The stripes ran round, instead of perpendicularly. Over this was worn a polonaise with waterfall back and deep front drapery of white, dotted here and there with small heliotrope stars. The polonaise opened at the neck, both back and front, in a V, showing the striped material with the bars running horizontally. The sleeve opened in the same manner on the shoulder, over the striped material which was here also arranged with the bars running across. The effect was very stylish, and the dress, though of the cheapest class of goods, rivalled in effect many contrived of much more costly fabrics. A more elaborate and expensive gown was of cream cashmere. A tiny frill of brown velvet edged the hem; the front drapery, which was bordered with a design in fine brown braid, was looped at one side to reveal an elaborately braded panel. The back drapery was arranged in that species of cascaded side looping and pleated center part which comes next in elegance to the waterfall back. The bodice was pointed front and back, bordered with the braided design, and showed a small vest of yellow. The white sleeves were slashed, showing yellow lining. I must not omit to mention that the feature of the most fashionable dresses is some curious arrangement of the sleeves. Many of the dresses I saw were laced instead of being buttoned, and I am sorry to say this is a fashionable freak. Even house dresses are to be fastened in this manner, and up the back of the bodice quite as often as in the front. It makes one shudder to think of the fearful predicaments the future may hold for those who may become possessors of such costumes.

*

The English toque is a very comfortable and becoming style of hat. Two of these hats which I saw and fancied particularly were trimmed, respectively, with shades of brown and fawn, and a combination of Ruddygore velvet and gauze ribbon. The bonnet worn with the cream-colored costume described above was a bronze wire transparency. A large puff of yellow tulle was fastened in the front with a bouquet of brown and silver thistles, and strings of the same material tied under the chin. Another small bonnet of white straw was trimmed with olive-green tulle, in which were imbedded sprays of pink wild roses and their russet-tinted leaves. I do not see very many wearing the extremely wide low-crowned pokes or Directoire bonnets. I cannot say I admire them greatly. They look so much like the headgear worn by the Mary of nursery fame, that one is fain to look for a crook, a meek little lamb, or listen for a tinkling bell as the proper accompaniment thereof.

*

Really warm summerlike weather has come to us so recently that it seems almost indecent haste to talk of what we shall wear when summer has sighed out her last fevered breath. But perhaps it is only fair to warn my sex, and all dealers in leather as well, that this is to be a favorite material for fall dress trimmings. Draperies are to be strapped and we are even to be buckled into our bodices. Beautiful designs in open work leather belts are already for sale in Paris and all the novelties in leather which taste and ingenuity can devise will be pressed into service.

*

Mademoiselle Victoria De Bunsen is the inventor of a cleverly contrived machine which damps and affixes stamps on envelopes, etc., with one single action. The clever inventor was received at Bournemouth by the King of Sweden, who expressed himself much pleased with the invention, and graciously accepted a stamp affixer for himself.

*

Women, men say, have no inventive genius, and yet though we have not been licking stamps in offices for more than five or ten years, one woman has abolished at a stroke, a custom which men have been content to practice since postage stamps were invented.

NUOVA AULA.

UNDER LOVE'S GUIDANCE.

American Girls Who Use Slang.

The necessity of shielding children from the contamination of low associates, and from the habits which such companionship will surely bring, is, says the wife of the famous preacher of the utmost importance. Low expressions—"slang phrases," as they are termed—will be one of the first fruits. A "free-and-easy" way of talking and acting among strangers in the streets and stores and at last ventured upon at home will be the next. With girls especially if they are allowed to use such low phrases other unfeminine traits will soon follow; often a coarse, swaggering manner instead of the graceful, lady-like carriage that indicates refinement and modesty. When girls or young ladies (?) are seen with their hands thrust deep into the ulster pockets or surtout, as is now the term, and the derby tipped on one side, talking and laughing loudly, walking with masculine strides, they have no cause of complaint if the rude, ragged little gamins in the street take infinite satisfaction in running after such nondescripts and calling, "I say, mister!"

Girls seldom fall into habits of profanity; but, from lack of proper restraint at home, too often indulge in speech and actions which are far from ladylike or refined, and not many years ago would not have been tolerated in good society. But of late, at home, making or receiving calls, on the streets or in the cars, this loud, boisterous, free-and-easy behavior is painfully noticeable. If our little girls greet their brothers and sisters, and perhaps even their parents, boisterously; if instead of "Good morning," they cry, "Hallo, papa!" or, "Hallo, mamma!" and call to playmates in the same rough manner, who will be surprised if this style follows them as they grow up and appear as young ladies?

Referring to this unladylike manner and mode of address a gentleman writes that, passing two pretty, well-dressed, stylish-looking young ladies in the street, he was surprised to hear one meet the other with "Halloo, Sid!" and the other respond "Halloo, Tude!" to her friend's greeting; and he remarks: "It is just what two lounging young men might have said, or stable boys, for that matter. It might not have been so much out of the way for the latter, but I confess it sounded very odd and offensive in what I supposed to be two well-bred young ladies, as much so as if I had heard two beautiful grey and rose colored birds begin to swear. It was so unnatural; so out of place. It may be 'the style' for young girls or ladies to greet each other with a 'Hallo!' but I can't like it or get used to it."

When boys and girls, young men and maidens, are allowed to fall into the absurdities of low, foolish, meaningless talk, it seems to dwarf them intellectually; they can find nothing of interest or importance to say, and therefore make up for sense by filling every sentence with needless exclamations, exaggerations, or misused adjectives. It requires much patience to be compelled to listen to half a dozen young people and hear the strange, inappropriate use of language. They will assure each other that it is "awful" warm, or the concert was "awful" nice; the sermon "horrid" dull; a young lady is "awfully pretty," but her dress "horrid ugly;" the teacher, "horrid strict;" such a young gentleman who called had an "awful swell" team of fast horses.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher.*

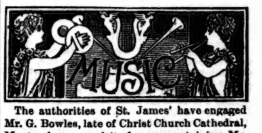
Love cannot enter the heart without bringing with it a train of other virtues.—*St. Francis.*

Happy and Home Loving French.

I assert that, to those who will look at them without bias, they must appear in their true light the happiest and most home loving people among modern nations. That provincial life in France is narrow, I have admitted, but what a very dove cote is almost every home! If the time to be happy is now, and the way to be so is to make all those around us happy, then are the French the most enviable people on earth, for they put that theory into practice. In what other land will you find so many households whose members are of three or four generations? Parents and children cling together to the exclusion of all the world outside. Not a boy is brought up with a view to emigration. The thought of the young birds leaving the nest is dreaded. I know girls who have refused splendid offers of marriage and preferred humbler ones because the latter gave them a chance of living near papa and mamma, and parents who have put themselves to any amount of inconvenience to make room for daughters-in-law rather than part with their sons.

A French father would think you mad if you told him that you left your family at 7 in the morning to return to them at 7 or 8 in the evening, as so many Americans do; and that on Sunday, your only day at home, you were too exhausted to enjoy your children's prattle or to take a walk with your wife. The little French provincial tradesman, who locks his shop door while he spends a joyful hour at dinner with his family, has come nearer solving the problem of happiness than the Anglo-Saxon jockey in the race for ducats.

Mrs. General Custer, the author of Tenting on the Plains, says: "One of the Irish laundresses at a Western post was evidently infatuated with army life, as she was the widow of a volunteer officer, and therefore drew a pension—a fact which proves that money could not have been the inducement that brought her back to a frontier post. At one time she forsook her fascinating clothes-line and went into the family of an officer to cook, but was obliged to leave from illness. Her place was satisfactorily filled, and when she recovered and came back to the officer's wife, she was told that the present cook had been engaged to remain, but that she might find a place with the wife of another officer. It seems that the latter woman had also been a laundress at one time, and this the applicant well knew. Squaring herself off in an indescribable manner, she placed her arms akimbo and announced her platform: "Mrs. Blank, I ken work for a leddy, but I can't go there. There was a time when Mrs. —— and I had our toobs side by side!'"



The authorities of St. James' have engaged Mr. G. Bowles, late of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, as organist, of course retaining Mr. Haslam as choirmaster. The alterations in the church have been begun, and in the meanwhile, as the services will be held in the schoolhouse, the new organist will hardly have a chance to show his mettle. Speaking of St. James, I hear that there is a movement on foot to have a full musical service in the cathedral early in the autumn by the combined non-surpliced choirs in the city. This would be a most desirable thing, as it would, if properly arranged and rehearsed, give us an opportunity to hear an ideal service—at all events one worthy the noble building in which it takes place—as the available choiristers number some three hundred, of whom the greater part would probably assist.

*

Another advantage resulting from such a service would be the tendency to uniformity in the mode of chanting. This is really a point of the utmost importance, as every choir has its own speed and method. Simple as chanting is, being best described as a form of musical recitation, there are endless varieties of wrong ways of doing it, and a model service would do much to reduce order out of this choral chaos. The preparation of chanting, services and anthems according to one method, and that the proper one, would be a wholesome discipline for the choirs, large as well as small, and the service itself would be a pleasure to the choristers as well as to the congregation attending. The movement only needs a little thought, a little public spirit on the part of the choirs, and perhaps here and there a little self-sacrifice on the part of its leaders, to be a success.

*

Why should not the surpliced choirs arrange similar services? There is only one difficulty in the way; the question whether Anglican or Gregorian chants should be used. I believe that Holy Trinity, St. Luke's and St. Matthias are the only choirs using the latter, with a membership of about one hundred and twenty. The male choirs using the former number some two hundred and ten, of whom All Saints' is not surpliced. A force of over three hundred could be made available if all the forces could be joined, while either section would form a very respectable choir for a festival service. Look into it, Messieurs the Choirmasters. Let us have some fine special services, a field already well explored by Messrs. Doward, Phillips, Haslam and Schuch.

*

All Saints' has its new organ partially erected. It is by Warren, and when completed will be a fine instrument. The stops are: double diapason, open diapason, hohl flute, dolce, principal, wald flute, fifteenth, mixture and trumpet on the great organ; lieblich bourdon, and open diapason, rohr flute, voix celeste, viol de gamba, æoline, traverse flute, octave, piccolo, mixture, vox humana, horn, oboe and clarion on the swell organ; violin diapason, dulciana, clarabella, harmonic flute and clarinette on the choir organ. The pedal stops are: Open diapason, bourdon, quint and violoncello, with a concave pedal board. The usual combination stops and pedals are attached. The specifications were made by Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, the organist of the church. It is proposed to formally open the organ in September, when Mr. Frederic Archer is expected to give a recital.

*

The latest new opera, Le Roi d'Ys, by Edmond Lalo, is described as a magnificent success, being rich in melody, with exquisite concerted pieces and beautiful orchestration. It is a curious fact that this opera, which is an electric success and is spoken of by the critics as the finest opera of modern times, was written ten years ago and was refused by the Grand Opera of Paris and the Opera Comique, the latter having brought it out at last.

*

The new Emperor William has instituted at least one reform since he ascended the throne of Deutschland. He has summarily stopped the use by the army bands of all operatic and foreign marches. At a recent review a regiment of the Guards was marching past to the well-known march from Aida, when William ordered the band to cease playing it, and to play the Dessauer March. To-day all Prussian regiments march to the stirring, warlike cadences that led them to victory under Frederick the Great, Blucher, and Von Moltke.

*

Speaking of bands reminds me that some people have been growling at the Citizens' Band for not playing new music. On the three occasions on which it has been my good fortune to hear this band during the present season, what I heard was *all* new—that is to say, music that was not played last year, except two exhibitions of specialty playing, which were more applauded than anything else on the programme. So much for the grumblers!

*

The liberality of the Council in providing music for the public parks is much appreciated by the people. Crowds attend these concerts and express their delight in the most energetic fashion. Between the parks, the Island and the out of town water resorts, Toronto is becoming an open-air city as well as a musical one.

*

Marie Roze-Mapleson is coming to America this season, and those who remember her sweet face and voice here ten years ago will hope to have her in Toronto once more.

*

Sig. Agramonte has settled down to work here for the summer, with quite a list of pupils, among whom are some of our best singers He expresses himself as well pleased with the quality of Canadian voices.

METRONOME.

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

STAGE EFFECTS.

CHAPTER II.

At last the long and weary months of waiting were over, and Molly was twenty-one the day following her birthday we were married. It was all very quietly managed. Jack fetched her away during the evening and gave his mother a piece of his mind in exchange for her. Lord, how happy we were, she and I! What did it matter to us how Mrs. Fanshawe raved? How she prophesied evil, and in strictly Scriptural language heaped curses on our heads! We did not care a rap, but we went and got married, and that was the great thing. Sep. timus Boggs was away, and we went armed with a license; the curate—no, I mean the priest-in-charge—could not refuse to do his duty, so Stamper married us. It was rather a joke, and Jack's wife said it served the little wretch right. She even asked him to the breakfast, but he did not come. We didn't care. Sir Hugh sent me a check for £50, his good wishes and a pretty bracelet, engraved "Good Luck," for Molly. We had a fortnight and Paris before us, and we didn't care a rap for anybody, not for anybody.

And Sir Hugh did something more, something I rather wished the dear old fellow had left undone—he went and pleaded for us with my mother-in-law, so that when we came back we found ourselves friends again.

For my part, I would much rather not have been friends, so would Molly, for Mrs. Fanshawe was one of those meddling, managing, housewifely persons, always with her finger in somebody's pie. Now in Elizabeth Bloggs' pie there was no chance of her having even so much as the tip of her finger—Elizabeth Bloggs was herself over again. She met her with a mouthful of duty and reverence, and a longer string of texts even than Mrs. Fanshawe had at command, she flaunted her husband's authority into her mother's face, and reminded her of her devotion to her devoted saint in heaven, otherwise poor Bob Fanshawe, whose authority had been just about as great as the authority of the Reverend Bloggs up at the rectory.

Nor, blocked as regarded the job of her eldest daughter, did Mrs. Fanshawe succeed any better with respect to Jack's. Mrs. Jack took care of that. Thereupon she fell back upon us, and we got the benefit, not of her finger but of her whole hand, generally of both of them. I stood it for nearly a year, and then I put a stop to it. I had tried before, not once or twice, but many times, but somehow the old lady was always too many for me. She would remind Molly tragically of the mother she had been to her, at which poor Molly, who was not at that time very strong, would begin to sob very piteously, when Mrs. Fanshawe would further call to her remembrance that she had forgiven her base ingratitude and defiance, and had taken her to her arms again. That always conquered Molly, and Mrs. Fanshawe's gray wolves would glare at me in triumph. I am afraid I often went out and made remarks it would not be polite to repeat. I used to go into the little hall and say them to the hat-stand or the door-mat, but, as things turned out afterwards, I wished hundreds of times I had allowed myself to be the satisfaction of saying them to my mother-in-law herself.

We came to open war, instead of the armed neutrality which had been our attitude during my marriage to Molly, in this way. We were hourly expecting the birth of Ethel, our eldest child, and Molly, having nearly been worried to death during the past four years, was very ill, very ill indeed. Jack and an elderly doctor from Blankhampton were in anxious attendance—my mother-in-law was hanging on the side of my wife's bed praying in a loud voice and chiefly for me—just so, Jane Bell said, as years before she had been wont to pray in public for poor Bob, now a blessed saint in heaven. As for me, I was hanging about anywhere, feeling more uncomfortable and miserable than I had ever felt in all my life.

"Take that woman away!" I heard the strange doctor say in authoritative tones, when once I paused by the open door of Molly's room.

"Come down stairs, mother," I heard Jack say imperatively.

My mother-in-law prayed on louder than ever.

"Mother, do you hear?" said Jack.

But no, she prayed on, a loud, wooden, talking-at-people sort of prayer. She prayed with a frankness which was simply appalling. I stepped into the room, I motioned to Jack, and we grabbed her simultaneously, whisking her out of it pretty much after the manner in which children play the game of honey-pots. Once outside the door she tried to turn like a top at bay; but we hustled her down to the dining-room, and there Jack expounded his views—they were very clear, but they were not polished, not by any means.

By the skin of her teeth my poor little Molly was pulled through, but I forbade my mother-in-law the house. She threatened to fall fainting off with a shilling. I told her she was very welcome to do it. She raved of Molly's duty to her mother. I ventured to hint that her first duty was obedience to me, and so we got rid of her.

Five years went by, five happy, happy years, which saw us with four little copies of Molly round our table. During that time Mrs. Fanshawe never once darkened our doors, and Molly saw her but seldom, though if she did a chance to come across her or the children she never lost the opportunity of having a fling at her for sending out our children in insufficient clothing, or for being becomingly dressed herself.

And then quite suddenly and unexpectedly, Mrs. Fanshawe died. I cannot say I was sorry. Molly drew down the blinds and ordered a black gown, but did not think it was necessary to weep. Jack said, though,

WHY?

A Charming Love Story in Six Parts.

CHAPTER I.

QUARTERED AT IDLEMINSTER.

With blackest moss the flower pots
Were thick y crusted one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots,
That held the pear to the garden wall;
The broken sheds looked sad and strange;
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Wended and wept the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated Grange.
— TENNYSON.

The curiosity of the good people of Idleminster who lived upon the same side of the town as the barracks lay had been aroused by the news that the Priory was being put in repair.

It was an extraordinary thing, so everybody said, to have the Priory occupied at all; for, within the memory of living man, it had always been empty. Nobody was very sure to whom it belonged; tradition said that its owner was rich and hated the place, had always hated it, and was revenging himself upon it for some grudge he had against it in the past by leaving it to the rats and the spiders and letting it fall to decay.

Some said that it was haunted; others that murder had been done within its walls; either of which reports might or might not be true. Any way, certain it is that within the memory of living man its windows had never been cleaned, its doors and shutters painted, or its rooms made habitable. The garden, all that was left of what had once been large and extensive pleasure grounds, now sacrificed to the inroads of the encroaching and enterprising builder and covered with roads and streets of new little villas and terraces, had been for years a tangled mass of weeds and briars; the turf had strayed over the gravelled foot-walks until it was hard to tell where any walks had been, and the old summer-house in the sunny corner where the road turned sharply round towards the barracks was rotten and fast falling to decay, having, indeed, looked for years as if it was only held together by the clinging wreaths of jasmine and clematis which encircled it; while the ivy which would have entirely covered the house had it been trimmed and tended, was, by reason of its own weight, torn down by every gust of wind that blew.

Then suddenly all was changed! And one fine Monday morning in May, the neighbors saw with surprise that smoke was issuing from more than one of the long-disused chimneys, the windows were thrown wide open, the doors stood hospitably back on their hinges, and quite a small army of workmen seemed to have taken possession of the place.

Now I must tell you that the Priory was not in the city of Idleminster itself, but was away on the pretty road which ran past the barracks, which lie, as every one knows, about a couple of miles from the town.

Why it had ever been called "The Priory" nobody knew, but undoubtedly such was its name, though up to the time of which I am writing it might—if one had allowed one's imagination to supply the moat—as well, or really better, have been called "The Moated Grange" than anything else. For there was absolutely nothing of a priory about it. In the few places where the ivy had let the walls uncovered, you could see that they were of red brick. The upper story had very ordinary sash windows, and the rooms on the ground floor had French casements; there was a wide, old-fashioned door in the middle, and, on either side, a sitting-room with large windows, that on the right evidently the dining-room, the one on the other side having traces of gilding and handsome decorations still apparent about it. This last room had also a large window at the side, which looked out on a tangled mass of turf and weeds which would by-and-by be a flower garden or perhaps a tennis court, and it led into a very tiny room or boudoir by a doorway next to the fireplace. Truly not much of the priory about this part of the house!

Nor was it more so somewhere. The entrance hall was low and wide; the walls panelled to the cornice with wood, off which the faded and blistered salmon colored paint was fast peeling under the hands of a skilful artisan; the stairs were wide and shallow, the handrail of the banisters broad and massive, while the window which lighted the first landing and faced the hall was filled with richly stained glass, and had, happily, borne the ravages of time and chance better almost than any other window in the house.

The rooms above were very much like the rooms below—large, pleasant and cheery, though somewhat low in the ceilings. And here, as in the sitting rooms, men were hard at work peeling off the damp and dingy paper, or scraping away the shabby and blistered paint.

"A picturesque old place, my dear," remarked one of two eagerly inquisitive old ladies, who, under pretence of strolling out if the Priory would suit them to live in or not, had strayed in to see what they could see, and pick up any odds and ends of news which might happen to be floating about. "In a dreadful state of course; but decidedly a house with capabilities. It's—I suppose," in a different tone, as she addressed herself to a man with a pail of hot water, who appeared in the doorway at that moment—"I suppose there is no objection to our looking over the house?"

"Not as I knows on, mum," returned the man civilly; "though you'll find it in a terribly dirty condition, scarce fit for ladies to venture in."

"Oh, we don't mind the dirt, thanks," with a little airy laugh. "I suppose you are going to do the place up thoroughly?"

"From end to end, mum," replied the man, promptly.

"Ah! That will make a great difference. And—er—do you know what rent is asked for the place?"

But the intelligent workman shook his head. "I haven't any idea, mum—in fact, I believe the 'ouse is not to let; but Mr. Somers is here; he'll be able to tell you if you ask him, mum."

At this moment Mr. Somers came along—a smart young man, the son of the contractor who was carrying out the work of putting the house into habitable repair.

"Lady wants to know the rent, sir," said the workman, then dipped his brush into his pail and went on splashing at the walls as if his life's income hung upon his not wasting so much as a single moment.

"Good-morning, ma'am. The house is not to let," said the young man, civilly.

"Oh! really. Ah! I'm sorry—such a pretty old place," murmured the lady, who would almost as soon have laid her head in her coffin as have laid under the roof of the Priory—"and it is being done up to live in!"

"It is ma'am. The owner is coming to occupy the house as soon as we get our part done."

"Oh! really—you don't say so! By-the-bye, who is the owner?"

"A Mrs. Darrell," returned young Mr. Somers.

"Mrs. Darrell—oh! really. Well, we must not take up any more of your time. Many thanks for letting us look over the house."

The ladies made a polite bow to the young man, who took off his hat, perhaps thinking as he did so that as they had given themselves the permission to look over the house, he could not take much credit to himself for his graciousness in the matter.

Then the one who had done all the talking turned back again: "Er—by-the-bye—you couldn't tell me, I daresay, where Mrs. Darrell has lived until now?"

"I could not, ma'am. Our first instructions came from her solicitors, who said she was abroad; then she came down to see the place for herself and to choose papers and paint and so on."

"Is she young!" eagerly.

"Not particularly young, ma'am," replied young Mr. Somers in a matter-of-fact tone; "about as old as yourself, I should say. Any way, she'd a grown-up daughter with her—an uncommonly pretty young lady, too, she was, uncommon pretty."

"Oh! I see—er—good-morning," and away went the little lady after her friend, feeling that young Mr. Somers' civility was all put on, and that he had meant neither more nor less than to deliberately insult her; for she was just thirty-four, and had a family of small children, of whom the eldest was not yet six years old; and to be classed as "not particularly young" and about the same age as a woman with a grown-up daughter, was rather more than even her airy graciousness could stand against.

"A most insufferable young man, my dear," she remarked to her friend when she had her at the gate. "That is the worst of Idleminster people—particularly of that class—there's so much of the good-as-you-and-better air about them."

"What did he say?" asked the other.

"Oh! Well, it was not so much what he said as the way he said it," returned the airy little lady, vaguely.

And, after all, the aggravating part of it was that she had to go away without any very definite or accurate information about the lady who was coming to live at the Priory—only that she was a Mrs. Darrell, and that she had been abroad, though whether for a long or short period she had not the least idea.

And if she had only known it, it was such a simple story, the story of Mrs. Darrell; just the very ordinary one of a beautiful woman married very young and against the wishes of her friends to a handsome, dissolute scoundrel, who had been the most devoted of lovers and adoring of husbands as long as the wife's few thousand pounds lasted; who had been the fondest of husbands and fathers even then, for he let his wife go almost roofless and his children quite shoeless while he gambled away every farthing of their small income; who finally took to hard drinking as the only panacea by which to drown his conscience; and finally died miserable death of a madman, leaving the beautiful, heart-broken wife at thirty years old to bring up their three little children as best she could on the wretched pittance which remained of their fortune.

But Mrs. Darrell did it—how neither she nor any one else ever quite knew—by such a struggle with poverty and fate as only women know as she ever know the meaning of; by living in France and Italy that every penny might be put to the best use and her children have the benefit of that education which comes only to those who live in a foreign country—the benefit of learning perfectly other tongues besides their own.

There were times when she gave lessons in English or did sewing for the shops of the towns in which they were living, and later, when by a mighty effort she moved to Milan, she took an old palazzo and set up a home for English girls who wished to study under the great masters of singing there—that, perhaps, paid her the best of all, for the end was fairly good and the means thereto thoroughly to her taste. And then, when ten years of widowhood and strife had come and gone, when her eldest girl could help her mother better by going out into the world than by taking her share of the daily duties of the old palazzo, there came a great change, for George Darrell's uncle and godfather died, leaving to his graceless nephew's widow—whom, by-the-bye, he had never seen or encouraged in an way—the old Priory near Idleminster, a legacy of three hundred pounds to put it into habitable repair, and a further sum, sufficient to bring in four hundred a year, securely invested in the Funds.

Even in the first flush of her joy and delight, Mrs. Darrell never hesitated about going at once to settle down in the house at Idleminster. She cared but little what size it was, knowing, or at least believing, that the kind old man who had set her free from care for the rest of her life would not have left the place to her if it had been too large for the income he had left with it; and to her the joy of having a home of her very own, near a good county town where her children would be able to take their natural position, was simply inexpressible; and as soon as they could set off to England they did so, leaving, for a year or so, the youngest of their family behind them.

Then Mrs. Darrell and Violet went down to see their new house; and Violet made her first impression in Idleminster on the heart of young Mr. Somers! He called her "uncommon pretty;" and that she truly was!

"Her steps royal—queen-like—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise."

CHAPTER II.

VIOLET DARRELL'S SWEETHEART.

You could not light upon a sweeter thing,
A body slight and round, and like a pear
In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin
As clean and white as privet when it flows.
—*Tennyson.*

I have not said that the Priory was just at the entrance of the village of Ambledith, but such was the fact. The barracks were in the parish of Ambledith, and were in truth properly known as "the barracks near Idleminster," although the regiments occupying them always spoke of being quartered at Idleminster, and were entered in the Army List in that way.

But Ambledith rather looked down upon Idleminster, much in the same way as Kensington Gore looks down upon the dingy little streets which run north and south from the Strand; they may be convenient for theaters and for the law courts and for business purposes generally, but are simply not to be compared to Queen's Gate and the Gore itself for a place of living. So it was with the village of Ambledith. The official bungalow of the officer commanding the district was there; not many hundred yards away from the Priory, in fact. It boasted a squire, who was one of the foremost men in all the horsey country of Idleshire, and whose wife prided herself on wearing no heels to her shoes and the thickest soles—winter and summer alike—of any lady of her station for ten miles around.

And besides these attractions, there were seven or eight good houses belonging to the most part, to ladies who liked to float about the different watering places and so get a good deal of change of air and scene and still be able to make a home every year by letting their houses to the married officers quartered at Idleminster, or to such lovers of *le sport* as desired to hunt a season with the Idleshire Hounds.

So the little village took great pride to itself for being quite the best-conditioned military society of the neighborhood, and always contrived somehow or other to make Idleminster people, and those who lived in other outlying parts, feel that by not living in Ambledith they occupied, socially and physically, a distinctly inferior position to those who did.

Thus, it was a good deal of gossip and not a little peeping and prying when the new occupants of the Priory came and took possession of the house, over which, during the few days that the workmen were putting the finishing touches to the decorations, every lady in the village had, by hook or by crook, contrived to look. Nobody was certain of anything of Mrs. Darrell's belongings or antecedents except that, at one time or other, she had lived or been abroad; nobody seemed to know her class or station, and, as more than one old lady, with an inordinate idea of her own position in society and of her importance in the world of Ambledith—protested, "It really is very awkward—one does not know whether to call on her or not; for, although the fact that it is her own house is in itself a recommendation, yet there are persons living in their own houses whom, of course, it would be simply impossible to know."

"I saw the furniture going in yesterday," said another, "and you know dear Mrs. Fox, my gate being just opposite to the Priory, I cannot sit at my window without seeing; and it all seemed very simple and tasteful. Quite new, though," with a glance round her own well-polished Chippendale tables and faded damask curtains, as if the new mistress of the Priory could have to satisfactorily prove her worth before she could be placed on the same level as one whose household goods had unmistakably belonged to her grandmother. She did not add, as she gave that deprecating glance across the road, and uttered her small apology for not being able to help seeing everything of her neighbor's doings, that, as a matter of fact, it was not from the window of her sitting room at all that she had marked the quality and newness of the new furniture, but from that bedroom above, and that she had assisted her natural vision with a good opera glass; but then, you know, the world is it better or no, say too little than too much, and the wisdom of that rule was not unknown even in the little village of Ambledith, or to the little old ladies who lived therein as their fathers and mothers had lived before them, ay and, in some cases, even their fore-elders from generation to generation.

Meanwhile Mrs. Darrell and her two elder daughters had taken up their quarters in the town, and were very busy looking after the ordering and arranging of their new house. They gave but little thought to their new neighbors, their lives having been such as had got them into the habit of leaving their neighbors out of their calculations altogether.

And, indeed, all their energies were given to making every penny of the three hundred pounds, which George Darrell's godfather had left for the purpose of doing up the priory, do the work of at least a shilling—not an easy task or one which leaves much time for making discoveries about neighbors, although Mrs. Darrell, perhaps, was as clever at that kind of work as most people. Still it was not easy, for she not only wanted to put the Priory into decent repair out of that sum, but in a great measure to furnish it as well.

"You see," she said to Violet, when they were discussing the size of the rooms and the expediency of having the floors covered with carpet or polished in the style to which they had been so long accustomed, "we have nothing to start with. It isn't as if we had a house full of good old furniture that only needed touching here and there to look perfect. We have to start from the very beginning, and though it is not a large house, it will swallow up a good deal of furniture."

"That is so; but mother, dear, I should decidedly go for polished floors. We all understand Violet's idea—we used to do nothing else. And if they are not common in England, so much the better for us."

"And what jolly dances we can have!" chimed in Georgie, the second girl. "And besides, lovey, if you don't go wasting a lot of money on nasty, dusty, extravagant, expensive carpets, we shall be able to have some more frocks and such things."

"Trust Georgie to think of her looks," Violet laughed.

"I don't think so much of my looks," said George, with the utmost gravity, "as of their effect upon other people. And I saw some men go past the gate just now—oh! with a rapturous clasping of her little dimpled hands, "they were real lovely—lovely!" and she gave a great sigh, and fixed her blue eyes upon the little space of the road just then visible to them, as if all the chances of her future happiness were lying there.

"What sort of men?" asked Violet, with but little attention, for she was occupied in holding the end of a measure that Mrs. Darrell might take the exact size of the room.

"Soldiers—officers," returned Georgie.

"Ah! very likely. I believe we are rather near the barracks. We passed them on the way, I noticed. Well, mother, what do you think about carpet or polish?"

"I think we had better say polish," Mrs. Darrell replied. "As you say, Violet, we must not forget that Virginie understands it."

This point settled, their work was soon done; for when there is not much money to spend, the plan of spending it is soon decided upon. They fixed on the tone of color for the curtains; an simple brass rods for the cornices; on such and such a suite of furniture being an absolute necessity; and on a certain amount of wickerwork which would serve its turn and look both cosy and elegant until they could afford to replace it by more substantial and lasting articles. And then, with a last look of proud possession round the cheerful side of the span house which was henceforth to be their very own, their home, they locked the door and set out to walk back to their lodgings in Idleminster.

And then the very oddest thing in the whole world happened; for just as Mrs. Darrell passed through the gate on to the footpath, a lady with two gentlemen coming from the direction of the village, stopped short, with an exclamation of extreme surprise. "Why, Gertie," she cried, "is it possible it can be you?"

"Mary Mackenzie!" cried Mrs. Darrell in astonished tones.

"No, not Mary Mackenzie now. I've been Mary Seymour nearly eighteen years now. This is my husband! Jim, my husband! Mrs. Darrell—Gertrude Conway, of whom you've heard me speak so often;" then, as the gentleman whom she called Jim took off his hat, added, "And are you coming to live here, Gertie, and are these?' with a gesture of surprise at the height of one of the young ladies—"your daughters?"

"Yes, these are my two eldest girls, Violet and Georgie, Madge, the youngest, we have left at school in Milan for a year or so. We have lived abroad entirely since my husband died ten years ago, but now we have come home for good. Indeed, we have just had this house left to us, and are going to take possession in a few days."

"I am delighted to hear it," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, heartily. "For we are living only a few doors away; and really, Gertie, we shall be able to fancy ourselves girls together again, if these big children of ours do not quite do away with the illusion. You are going to walk into town—so are we. We will go together, but first let me make Mr. Hills of our regiment known to you." And almost before the young man who accompanied them could lift his hat, Mrs. Seymour tucked her hand within the arm of her girlhood's friend and walked off with her. With the instinct of a nature which even at seventeen was that of a born and finished coquette, Georgie Darrell turned to pair off with the younger of the two officers, but Hills never even cast so much as a glance at her; his keen eyes—and they were keen—were fixed on Violet; and Georgie, much to her pleasure, had to content herself with the husband of her mother's old friend—Colonel Seymour.

(To be Continued.)

A Grand Ball at Rothschild's.

A ball given by the Baron and Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild in their palatial dwelling on the Rue St. Florentin might justly have been called a dream of fair women. The ball room was a perfect picture, hung with vieux bleau silk damask, lighted by electric light, reflecting on the art gems of Greuze, Watteau and other great masters that adorn the walls, corbeilles and orchids and roses placed in every available corner, and spreading their fragrance on the already perfumed air. A collection of pretty bibelots were distributed in the cotillion, a novel figure being that of a large golden boa constricter coiled around the trunk of a tree. In the hollow at the top hundreds of chenile snakes of all colors were found and presented by the gentlemen to the ladies, thus reversing the Biblical tradition. Dainty silk aprons, embroidered with silver and gold, golden Spanish combs, artistic book covers, satin jockey caps, whips and a thousand and one things found their way into the cunning reed baskets, gayly decorated with ribbons, that each lady guest carried away with pride and triumph after the dance.

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It is Becoming Monotonous!

SATURDAY NIGHT has always endeavored to uphold the police and to refrain from criticising the many and obvious weaknesses of the force, but the fact that the publication office of this paper has been broken into and robbed five times within as many months, without the conviction of any offender, makes us feel that patience is ceasing to be a virtue and that good-nature hardly pays. The burglaries have evidently been the work of novices and there are many indications that the depredators are but boys. Notwithstanding this there have been no convictions, and the money and property which have been stolen, the cash-drawers smashed, the desks broken, locks ruined, are silent but significant protests against the present management of the police force. The amounts taken have fortunately not been large, but the citizens of Toronto certainly deserve a better class of police protection than they are receiving. We have a large detective force, and it would appear reasonable to expect that unskilled burglars who are continually infesting a neighborhood would ultimately be captured. It is possible that the colossal minds of the detectives are employed on graver matters, but the intention of this article is to respectfully give notice to the Chief and Board of Police Commissioners that the proprietors of SATURDAY NIGHT are weary of repairing their premises once a month after burglars have finished their work of investigating cash-drawers and book-keepers' desks for money and postage stamps and other portable articles. The last instance is especially grievous, as on the night when the burglary took place, the attention of the policeman on the beat was called to the fact that a gang of boys were acting in a very suspicious manner about the premises. It would be dangerous to say more after the solemn warning made of Rev. Mr. Wilson. We are right well aware that nowadays anyone who "sasses" the police is immediately run in.

The Children's Hour.

A lonely man, and assuredly one not to be envied, is he who has never experienced the simple pleasure and chastened delight of "the children's hour." In these delightful moments the world, with all its shams, illusions and cares, fades into forgetfulness with him who is surrounded by the loyal hearts and laughter loving ones he calls his own. Here the better nature of man has full sway and reflects itself in the joyous *abandon* and guileless prattle of innocent ones who are at once his peculiar care and the hostages he offers at the shrine of Fame and Fortune.

Inconceivable to those who have drank of the waters of this fountain of unalloyed pleasure, is the man, who with happiness within his grasp, blindly ignores the one good gift the gods have given him and pursues the *ignis-fatuus* of pleasure in scenes far removed from the purifying influence of the home. It may be that such joys—so easily attainable—lack the fascination of more questionable delights but more abiding are they, possessing as they do the inestimable advantage of never leaving behind them the flavor of Dead Sea Fruit on the palate of manhood.

And forget not how easy of cultivation it is. Irksome, at first, it may be, but persevered in it becomes a habit, until gradually that which was irksome develops into a positive pleasure, yes! and an unfailing source of happiness. There is no satisfaction so full and lasting as that which is born in giving pleasure unto others. One of the greatest charms to us in Emmet, the actor, is the whole-souled manner in which he romps with the youngsters in the third act of his ever popular "Fritz." Pleasant indeed are our recollections of a reverend forebear whose study walls received a completed brightness in the happy laughter of welcome childhood, and whose successful parishional work was not lessened by his devotion to "the children's hour." These very lines are but the aftermath of good-night kisses and the wholesome flavor of honest pick-a-backs with loving hearts that hours ago have lisped their evening prayers beside the little cots whence, shielded from all harm, they sleep the peaceful sleep of innocence.

One hour's romping with the children after dinner! Try it, O man of the world! Foster this honest pleasure! and learn how vapid and unsatisfactory are the doubtful pleasures of the world in comparison. Let the cynic sneer as he may, laughter remains with him who successfully cultivates "the children's hour."

High Park and The Zoo.

SATURDAY NIGHT has already advocated the purchase of the Zoo by the city, and has to express its satisfaction that the Council has not side tracked the question by referring it to the consideration of three or more aldermen, most of whom it is feared are hostile to purchase. This is a question which has been discussed in all its bearings and the proper tribunal to appeal to now is the people to whose votes a by-law for the purchase of the Zoo—at a reasonable and proper price, of course—should be submitted without further delay. We confess to having felt some degree of hesitation regarding the cost of fuel necessary for the wintering of certain animals, but investigation into the matter has convinced us that this may be done at a comparatively trifling cost. There are, however, duties incumbent upon us as citizens of a metropolitan center such as Toronto undoubtedly is, which should teach us to take a larger view of the question than the somewhat minor, though important, detail of expense. Toronto is already a favorite visiting center for American and other tourists. Wealthy people are yearly flocking to our city in order that their children may enjoy our educational advantages. And it is in such enterprises as the Zoo that we furnish the concrete evidence of our progress as a metropolitan center. From an educational standpoint, it is almost a necessity; as an addition to our legitimate claims on the time and the purse of the tourist, it is calculated in a very large degree—if properly encouraged—to be a source of income to our tradespeople, and indirectly through them to the general welfare of the city.

Admitting then, which almost every one does, that the Zoo should be taken in hand by the city, the next question to be considered is where shall its future location be? After taking every spot into consideration, the general consensus of opinion points towards High Park as its future home, on account of the natural adaptability of the spot for the work of acclimatization, as well as from the important consideration of cost. The latter would be merely nominal, whilst the distinct advantages of location could not be excelled. For a city of the size and pretensions of Toronto to be without a well equipped Zoological Gardens is a reproach which every citizen should seek to have removed.

In conclusion it may be said that the penny wise and pound foolish policy of the city council in hurrying the city with inconsiderate haste into the legal expenses caused by the quashed early closing by-law, and their present delay in furnishing the city at a trifling cost with what the city is bound to have sooner or later—is hardly one which redounds to their credit as level-headed men of business. The city wants the Zoo, and the city in this matter intends to have that which it wants.

Midsummer Vacations.

The sons and daughters of Old Egypt would feel hurt and hungry indeed did Father Nile fail to afford them the usual overflow, and hurt and neglected would every Christian community feel were it denied the usual outburst at this season of the year at the departure of ministers from the local pulpits for Europe and other points of the compass. Irreverent and disparaging, to a degree, are the sneers launched at the conduct of those members of the cloth who are lucky enough to manage the European trip during the dog days. Why shouldn't they? The doctor may leave his patients; the lawyer his clients; the actor his patrons, and the thought that a trust is being betrayed is never for a moment entertained by the most rabid of hypocritics. Towards the accredited ambassador of the Lord, however, no such charity is exercised. Of course not! Why should there be? Is he not *our* servant as well as the messenger of Heaven? Is not his salary dependent on the tightening or the loosening of *our* purse strings? Of course it is, and recognizing this we never forget to take the worth of our money in the closest supervision of all his movements. There are many people who go through life with a hazy idea that the men of the cloth are well fed shepherds who reverse the order of things, and are tended and cared for by their flocks. To such people the pastors of the Fold are sleek, well groomed creatures, who drink the sweet wines of the lees and rest easily in the softest stalls. But is such the case? We think not. On the contrary, although SATURDAY NIGHT has in its pulpit criticisms rapped the occupants of the pulpit somewhat candidly on various occasions, we are of opinion that due reflection will show that our Canadian clergy have been found true to the trust which has been reposed in their keeping. Hardly a week has passed over our heads since the clods fell heavily on the coffin of one who is as surely deserving of the title of martyr as any of those who have given up their lives for the Master in foreign missions, or at the stake—for surely no purer nor more saintly and self-denying life has been led than that of Ogden Putteney Ford, the late assistant priest of St. Luke's, in this city. But the Church of England enjoys no monopoly of such lives. Such are to be found in every sect and denomination. Wycliffe, Trinity, Victoria, McMaster Hall, aye! and the Salvation Army, are yearly sending men into the Service who have done glorious work for the Cause. The duties which fall to the lot of the conscientious servant of Christ are arduous ones, and to deny such the proper rest necessary to recuperate their shattered energies is a short-sighted policy, and selfish to the last degree. How easy and cheap it is to sneer. Let those who indulge in that which is so easy and cheap weigh the matter carefully, and we shall hear fewer complaints of the Midsummer Pulpit Vacation.

Midsummer Night.

For Saturday Night.

Floats near to the smith the face of the moon;
She leans to a city asleep by a bay,
Just the fall of a fountain set softly atune—
Just a window aglesm, where by night and by day,
They're watching a life fade like moonlight away.

Drifts into the zenith the globe of the moon,
One sail lies becalmed on the heart of the bay,
Just the breath of a sigh through the summer night's noon.

'Tis a spirit a-wing on its measureless way,
And the watchers watch yet, by the beautiful clay.

Creeps down from the zenith the ghost of the moon,
There's a breeze in the white sail that glides up the bay.
Just a wanderer nearing his voyage's boon—
Just an eager face turned to the far window's ray,
Where waiteth his coming the white cerave clay.

ANSTEUTSA.

Carry religious principle into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. The world passeth away. The thing seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world," will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and moan over the perishableness of earthly things. It finds in them the seeds of immortality.—*John Caird.*

The Route Boy Papers.

NO. III.

CAUGHT a daisy moth one morning. There's hundreds of them round the sidewalks when it's warm and early and dry, and they're as tame—oh my! you can catch them as easy as anything. This one is a beauty. Hedges! you ought to see its wings,—two pairs of them—milk white, and all covered with silky, flossy down; and its body all tiny white feathers that come off if you just touch them; and the two long white feelers curled at the ends, and another two long white hairs like horns sticking out of its head, and two of the shiniest black eyes—a perfect daisy! I'm keeping it for a fellow I know who has a collection of moths and butterflies.

The little beggar near got me run over, though. You see I had got through with my route, and I was going down to see if Jim Johnson would trade his big pouter for my two Antwerps when I met Jim, and we were standing in the crossing at Spadina and College looking at my white moth when two butchers' wagons came tearing round the corner. By gosh! I thought sure we were gone coons that time. We had just time to dodge when the first wagon tore past us, with the boy standing up and laying on the whip for all he was worth. Then the other one, a thin plug, came plunging after, ram-stam, and *that* boy jerking at the bit and the foam working out of the horse's mouth. Well, they tore along, and we after them, up Huron, and then they cut along Bloor. Gewhillikins! we stood and listened after we couldn't run no more expecting to hear the everlasting smash up. I never saw a fire engine with anything like the go of these butcher wagons; and Jim he tells me that's nothing—they have races every morning most; but one of the boys he knows says he's going to look out for another job, 'cause the darned old plug he driven don't give him half a show to win, and besides when he does race her she always gives him away to the boss, the way she reeks.

But, oh, say, wasn't there a hustling among the milkmen this morning! Why, I thought they must all have been hurrying to go off to a picnic early, the way they did skin around. You see us route boys each gets a paper to himself and I trade mine off for a pint of sweet milk. It's immense! and I tell you when a fellow has walked about five or six miles, across and across the street and pelted off the dogs and all that, he feels just hollow to the shins. My, but that milk just goes down slick to the right spot. Well, this morning I thought my man would never come, and when I asked him what kept him, he told me it was the inspector had come in on them like a fox in a henhouse and set them flying everywheres. He says, "That blamed inspector stopped me this morning. I never seen the fool afore, an' I wondered what rig was keepin' comin' up the wrong side o' the street, but I wasn't goin' to stop when I knowed I was on the right o' the road. So when he came up I let out on him and began to blackguard him, an' then he told me he wanted to test my milk, and I had to get out and give him three pints, and he only gave me three cents, mind you. I never saw the blame fool afore, and how was I to know he was the inspector? All the same I'm going to ask him for that other six cents he owes me—you bet. That is, if he's got anything agin my milk."

The nicest, jolliest old fellow I know is an old colored nigger I meet most mornings down York street. He's a water-color and kalsomine artist with soft, rolling dark eyes, and such a deep, sweet voice, and a corporation that would down Alderman Baxter's any day. He's always standing in front of his own door, in his shirt sleeves, with no vest on, only pants, hat and cane, and you just ought to see the jolly fat smile of him, and hear his hearty, good-natured "Mawnin Bub!" When I go down sometimes there's another darkie, a real respectable old fellow, and he's round there with his handcart at that hour picking up any odd bits of wood or coal he can find in the alleyways. Think he's kind of too proud to be seen during the day. When I have a paper over I give him one. I used to wonder where all those darkie waiters slept in the hotels, but they don't sleep there at all, we meet them flying down York and Queen, bright and slick, like as they had stept out of a bandbox, going down to their hotels to work, and a mighty sight better than coming home reeling drunk like the white folks I meet every morning. We always see lots of sheenies too, and they make me feel for my clothes pin.

Bill Smith and I always carry a couple of pins in our pockets. The alleyways smell pretty badly at any time, but when we get to that great big boarding house on Front street we both of us clap a clothes pin on each of our noses, and whether it's dead cats or dogs that's lying inside that big wall, I don't know, but all I know is the stench is awful, and if it wer'n't for these clothes pins we'd been gone coons, sure.

And yet, do you know, in spite of that awful stench we've a regular romance going on in that place. One of our fellows, a big man he is, (costs him twenty-five cents a week for shaving now), well, he's that far gone on a girl that lives in that boarding house he don't know what to do. All summer he's hooked lilacs and snowballs and roses and peonies and lilies of the valley, and he lays a bouquet of them on the paper on the door step, and then he rings the bell and skins, and she comes out and lifts the bouquet and smells it, and says out loud, "Oh! isn't that just lovely!" and, she laughs, and looks up and down the street, but can't see nothing, 'cause Bill Smith and him and me are all behind a shutter peeking out, oh, say! don't we get gay fun though, and the way we gag that fellow is awful, and he's so clean gone he don't care who knows.

I'll tell you another place where we always clap on a clothes-pin, and that's when we go down to the bay. Oh, phew! And then the mosquitoes! When I leave a paper at the boat-house, I take off my coat and wrap it round my face, and I have the paper rolled up tight like a ball, and then I make a bee-line for that boat-house, blindfold, and I fire the paper in at the door and flee for my life. I couldn't think who the goose kept calling and calling and whistling after me 'tother morning, till I had gotten off my coat and shaken myself, and then I looked round and saw what near doubled me up for good. I thought I'd die laughing. It was a dude, and he was stuck like a kingfisher up on one of them posts sticking up out o' the water where the old wharf used to be, down near the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. You see he's a tailor, and he thought he'd get up early and go fishing. Well, he got a boat and sailed out to them posts, and when he got there he thought he'd have a chance to fish better if he got on to one of them posts and sat. So he did; but then he found the boat was in his way, and didn't he reach down his foot and push the boat off, and off it floated about ten or twelve yards or so! Did ever you know such a fool? And, mind you, he had been sitting there more'n an hour on that post and daren't move, for he couldn't swim, if he had fallen in. It took me near half an hour pelting the boat with rocks afore I could get it in far enough for him to ketch on to it with his pole and get into it again; but you bet that fellow got a lesson that he won't forget in a hurry. Next time he goes fishing he'll get down off the post afore he shoves off the boat.

ROUTE-BOY.

Paganini's Favorite Instrument.

Paganini purchased many other violins, particularly several Stradavari, and was continually buying and selling fine instruments, but nothing could induce him to part with his "Joseph del Jesu." He kept it constantly with him, and watched it as a father might watch a delicate child. Once it was sick, appearing suddenly to lose all its quality, and he took it to Vuillame, known as the most famous repairer of fiddles in Europe. The expert said that it must be taken apart. Paganini insisted that it must not go out of his sight, and compelled the work to be done in his own apartments. Vuillame told afterward that Paganini watched him as he put in the knife and pried the delicate wood apart, and started at every fresh thrust as though the knife were going into his own body. Afterward Vuillame had to take it to his shop to put it together. When the work was done Paganini gave him a gold box set with precious stones, which Paganini said was exactly the same as one he had to give to his physician, and that the doctor of his body and the doctor of his violin were entitled to equal consideration. The box was worth several hundred dollars, probably ten times as much as the original maker received for the violin when it was new.

While the violin was in his shop Vuillame made measurements of its exact dimensions, down to the very unevenness of the varnish, and from these he subsequently made another violin that was the exact duplicate of Paganini's; but when the latter heard of it he insisted that it should be sold to him, and so no one ever had a violin like that of Paganini until, dying, Paganini bequeathed the copy to Camillo Sivori, who has ever since played upon it. The original violin Paganini left to his native city, Genoa, to be kept forever in remembrance of him. It is kept with scrupulous care, and only the most famous artists are or have ever been allowed to touch it. Once before the honor has been accorded to Sivori. This time Leandro Campanati, the director of the Milanese quartette, shares the honor with Sivori.

A Victim of Over Indulgence.

Lady Chatham's dog suffered from over feeding, and become so violently ill that its life was in danger. She sought earnestly for a doctor for her favorite, and at length heard that the blacksmith of the village said he could cure it. The smith was sent for and undertook to cure the pet if he could be allowed to keep it for three weeks.

My lady pleaded that she might be permitted to visit her favorite two or three times a week, but this was steadily refused, and the man was at length allowed to depart with the patient.

For the next three weeks much amusement was afforded in the smithy by the sight of Lady Chatham's fat poodle tied under the bellows in such a position that it panted with the exertion of getting up whenever the bellows was used. The smith's boy also drove the creature round the orchard three times a day, tied with a string. This reduced the fat of the pampered animal, while a simple diet of bread and milk restored the tone of its digestive organs. At the end of three weeks the smith returned the dog fully recruited, and received a handsome reward.

Vocal Tricks on the Stage.

There are several fixed rules—we might almost call them tricks—for the production of vocal sounds on the stage, the acquisition of which is favorable to the artist. The abrupt force, for instance, as it is technically called, which distinguishes Mme. Sara Bernhardt above all other living actresses, and which consists of an exceedingly rapid, yet distinct, utterance of the words of her most passionate speeches, beginning in a very low tone with extraordinary swiftness, and ending the phrase with a loud and vibrating climax, which gives an impression of intensity and power well calculated to startle the audience and rouse the greatest enthusiasm, is only an acquired art—a trick—and simply the result of hard practice.

She herself has said that her quarrel scene in Frou Frou took her many months to learn. Her method is to first read the speech as she would like to eventually speak it on the stage, but in an undertone, as slowly as possible, pronouncing each word with a long breath before and after it. This exercise she by degrees increases in rapidity until she has almost insensibly the habit of pronouncing the sentence with what appears to the spectator to be a perfect whirlwind of inspired passion.

Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible and not a vice. But there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home.—*Helen Hunt.*

On Divers Strings

In Memoriam.

LITTLE HARRY BLIGHT, DROWNED JUNE 26, 1888.

For Saturday Night.

Ah! could that giant muse but once speak again,
Who as lov'd Lycidas mourned his drowned treasure
And in majestic measure

Blent love and music in his matchless strain,
With mournful monody once more the muse inspire
And with celestial fire

Give new melodious lines for our dear, well lov'd boy,
Fair child of harmony and sweet son of song,
That from frolic sports among

Was sudden snatch'd down 'neath the treach'rous wave,
"For why should sons of clay and children of the air
Hold all that's good and fair?"

Thus moan'd each water-nymph within her sedgy lair,
And for some fair young songster did hungry crave,
Some sweet-voiced singer rare.

"Will earth not grant us one to gladden our dull caves
And ring translucent melody throughout each coral dell,
And in each tiny shell

"Leave symphonies to float round our groves and halls!
And our dank world be sown with music's seed
In happy times to breed."

And long did watch and wait, each sullen water fay
Till he should heedless come in their curst net to play
As on that direful day.

But vain each naiad's wiles, and un'vailing each remorse,
From out this mesh upspring his bright spirit like the lark
And starward bent his course.

And if in darken'd house, by Death made desolate,
The bitter moan awhile shall cease, and hark in still
Nor sit disconsolate—

A solemn symphony shall make their sore hearts thrill,
For they shall hear from far a well beloved voice
Bid their sad souls rejoice!

And through each cadence soft that voice shall ring out clear
From 'mong the young-eyed cherubs in that heavenly choir:
"List! my lov'd sire!

"And note the meaning of my verse, thou mother dear!
A song new made the angels taught, that I may surely greet
Thee when we meet!

"The words are not for earth, nor can the ethereal air
Pierce through the veil, and reach unpurged ears,
But end thy fears,

"In night's sweet stillness thy listening hearts shall hear,
My Heav'nly Father bids you watch and wait
Till, nigh the pearly gate,

"I see you both, the long drear journey o'er,
With all our lov'd ones reach the gold-grained shore
And be together evermore."

TORONTO. SAM JOHNS.

An Author's Perplexity.

For Saturday Night.

I have a novel partly writ, with plot entirely new,
Its characters no puppets are, but natural and true;
And though I am assured by clever people whom I meet,
A goodly sum awaits me when my novel is complete,
A strange perplexity beets and fills me with despair,
I can't describe my heroine, she's so exceeding fair.

To find some just comparison for her I vainly seek,
But similes are silly, and all metaphor is weak.
To say her eyes are like the stars, why stars are—bless their light—
Too distant for comparison, and only shine at night;
Besides, they are expressionless and vary so in size,
And have not any lashes, and that's half the charm in eyes,
Her lovely eyes are fringed o'er with silken shields a-twin,
That droop before the wanton's gaze, and guard the soul within.

No doubt some writers would declare her lips with cherries vie,
A fruit that's out of place just here, and more at home in pie;
Her lips are ruddy with a hue that cherries mostly lack,
For they are sometimes gray or green, and very often black.

I think the color of her hair is some deep shade of brown,
I cannot sing its wavy wealth, I never saw it down.
Here I might use a hackneyed phrase, and say her teeth are pearls,
And that might do for authors who choose ordinary girls;
But she has teeth as white as snow, such pearls were never seen,
No oysters crude anatomy can match my dainty queen.'

I don't care who the writer is, nor what the man avers,
He never found a heroine with beauty such as hers;
I never can do justice to her perfect form or face,
For how can language paint the consummation of all grace.

My novel lies unfinished, and I suffer from unrest,
No author in the universe was ever so distressed;
For simile or metaphor I seek, but naught avails,
I can't describe my heroine, for all description fails.

TORONTO. R. F. CROOKSHANK.

Mater Dolorosa.

For Saturday Night.

With head in sorrow bowed, a weeping mother
Kneels beside her child, whose eyes will never more
Unclose to meet her gaze of love most tender,
For his sweet life on earth, alas! is o'er.

To her who weeps there seems nor light nor solace
In this, her hour of woe, so wrapped is she
In grief's dark folds, with tears her eyes so blinded,
The angel by her side she doth not see.

Nor hear the music of his harp celestial,
Till with a wordless prayer for comfort, peace,
She lifts her head, and now, at last, beholding
The heavenly one, her sorrow finds surcease,

And holy calm steals o'er her storm-tossed spirit,
Yet, "Ah! hadst thou but sooner come" she sighs,
"Less had mine anguish been," and thus the angel,
In tones of pitying tenderness, replies:

"O, thou bereav'd one! in grief's strong fetters
Thy soul was bound, and earthward-bent thy gaze,
Thou couldst not know that I kept watch beside the,
Till thou to Heaven thy weary eyes didst raise!"

TORONTO. ANGELA.

Here and There.

She pass'd in beauty down the column'd way,
Where pulsing music on the ether floats
In amorous melodies that kiss the spray
And woo the plashing fountain's dreamy notes.

Her starry eyes were Heaven's own azure-blue,
Her hair as of the mediæval saint
Whose tawny glistening threads of amber-hue
The old Florentine master loved to paint.

And, as she pass'd, each bent his head and vow'd
Her peerless; all, save one—a mushroom clod
That, with vile lecherous leer, exclaim'd aloud
To all assembled there, "Painted, by G——d!"

She heard, and hearing, bent her stately head,
A gentlewoman's accent in each tone,
As turning to that soul of clay she said—
Painted by God, and, sir, by Him *alone*. H.K.C.

Here and There a few weeks ago contained one or two remarks on the surface knowledge of most musical individuals. The remarks contained therein have thrown into my way the following corroborative piece of information from a city gentleman who is well known in literary, political and musical circles.

A few years ago—as old John Bunyan has it—it fell upon a day that a certain congregation, not one hundred miles from St. James' Cathedral, sickened with the "high class organist disease." In fact it had the fever in its most malignant form. No amateur peddler was to be appointed. Certainly not! The sweet songs of Israel were not to be rattled off by the profane hands of unsanctified crudeness, and finally a committee of three with power to add to its number was struck off, and the circus began.

Amongst the members of the committee was one whose word was law in such matters. Like most great men, however, he had his weakness. The particular weakness in his case was The Hailstone Chorus, and the man who could throw this piece off in first-class style was the man for his money. This little fact was not unknown to a member of the congregation who had a musical friend in a neighboring town who aspired to the vacant position. The aspirant for organic honors was advised to send in his testimonials, and, in the meantime, to thoroughly dust down the cobwebs from The Hailstone Chorus.

Such advice was not to be lightly thrown back in the face of Providence. The whole detailed work of this thunder and lightning *morceau* was grappled with and overcome by the applicant, who a week later was requested to appear before the committee. Several questions were asked and answered to the satisfaction of the questioners, when lo! and behold! the chief priest of the musical Sanhedrim arose like Solomon in all his glory to request a rendering of "The 'ailstun Kawrus." The young man sat down to comply, and the effect was marvellous. All the intricacies of the piece were rendered by a master hand. No hesitation or undue precipitation was there. You could hear the hailstones banging against the window pane, and picture in your mind's eye the particular monster hailstone you intended to measure and write about to the local press. The committee rubbed its hands and chuckled. The hour had come—and with it the man; a yearly engagement was drawn up on the spot, and thus another was added to the long roll of successful musical applicants who do not forget that success attends him who adds the study of human nature as a necessary corollary to the cultivation of music.

Many of the readers of this column will have kindly and pleasant recollections of Rev. William Stephen Rainsford, who labored so successfully among us a few years ago. I hear that he is at present taking a well earned rest on the shores of the Restigouche, and am credibly informed that during the summer he intends taking a party of youths out to the Rockies, for hunting purposes. It appears that a tussle with a grizzly and a climb after mountain sheep (the latter preferred, I shrewdly suspect!) have come to be regarded as the finishing touch to Young America's education. How history does repeat itself. King David was a goodly man who slew lions and bears in days of old. We nineteenth century people, on this side of the Atlantic, have the goodly Rainsford, and that saintly man stands, or will, ere long, proudly stand on the western slopes—loaded for "bar."

And now, after abusing him like a pickpocket during the past few years, I find the great American public longs once more for the return of the cocky, fussy, fighting English sparrow. His chief crime was that he drove away the native song birds, but those who abused him forgot the innumerable and nameless insects whose numbers were kept down by the digestive powers of the pugnacious alien who, although not an unmitigated blessing, was deserving of some consideration on the ground of his pest-relieving services. Since his departure the public parks have once more become impassable by reason of those clinging monstrosities known as hanging worms. Americans, in country places in particular, are praying that enough sparrows may have survived to propagate the race again, in order that their gardens may not again be laid bare and desolate as in the pre-sparrowic days.

Old Spain has long held its own in the annals of lawless love, and the present generation holds its place in the procession. From a judicial enquiry, it seems that an eminent Spanish scientist, Senor Juan Mirenque, an old man, committed the usual old man's folly in marrying a very young girl. The bride was a hot-blooded girl of twenty summers, inclined to intrigue, with a penchant for a young military man, who was assisted in his secret interviews by the mother of the girl and an old nurse.

Pleasant were the meetings betwixt this amorous pair—the young wife complaisant, and the husband absent in the discharge of public duties. But a terrible Nemesis awaited the guilty ones.

The "saint's day" of the young wife was celebrated the other week by a grand fete in the house and grounds of her wealthy husband. The spacious garden and conservatory were superbly decorated by means of electric lights in colored globes, flowers, drapery, and the various adjuncts of light and color.

One of the chief adornments in the conservatory was a superb marble bust—three-quarters of life-size—of Senora Mirenque, a birthday present from her affectionate husband. It stood in a semicircular space, backed by some rich tropical foliage, and was surrounded by a protecting silver rail, the supports of which were based in its heavy marble pedestal. On one side of it, near at hand, was the entrance from the parlors; on the other side, a door that led to Senora Mirenque's private apartments, and beyond, through a second conservatory, lay the way to the gardens. Every one had to pass the bust and all stopped to admire it as they went by.

The fete was a complete success in every respect, and it was almost daylight when the last of the guests took their departure, and their host, a weary old man, was at liberty to retire to rest. But before going he was very careful about seeing personally to certain precautions. The electric currents that had been supplying the lamps all the night had been furnished from powerful storage batteries, and no one knew better than he the dangers of those contrivances, so he saw to it himself that every one of the batteries was disconnected and left in such condition as to be absolutely harmless, gave the strictest orders that nobody should touch batteries, or wires, or anything else connected with the display until he could personally supervise the handling of them the next day, and then went off to bed.

Next day the servant who admitted the soldier lover and went to announce him to her mistress left him in the parlors. From there the young man strolled out into the conservatory, well knowing where he would meet the lady. The gardener had evidently been watering the plants, for the cement floor was quite wet. The decorations of the night before were still in place upon every hand, possibly looking a little tawdry in the daylight, but there was one, the beautiful bust of his lovely mistress, of which the perfection might well challenge any illumination. He stepped toward it, laid his ungloved hand upon the rail lightly, and then—in that same instant—dropped to the floor as if felled by a bolt of lightning. A moment afterward the faithless wife, coming from her room into the conservatory, saw the body of her lover extended before her, and, uttering a cry of alarm, bent over him, supporting herself as she did so by placing a hand upon the silver rail. As instantaneously as he had fallen, so she fell, like him dead, her body thrown across his. The one shriek uttered by the young woman was heard by her mother, who had been with her when she received the announcement of her lover's coming, and the old lady, running out in affright to learn the cause of the alarm, screamed loudly when she saw the two prostrate forms, and, doing exactly what her daughter had done—touching the silver rail as a support—shared the fate of the guilty couple, dropping dead with the same awful suddenness. Hardly had the old woman fallen dead when three or four servants appeared upon the scene, and among them was Senor Mirenque himself. He had just come down, he said, to superintend the removal of the electrical appliances.

His quick and ready knowledge discerned in an instant the cause of the appalling casualty. An electric light wire that in some inexplicable way had been broken hung down to and rested upon the silver rail surrounding the bust, and, as it was of uninsulated copper, made a perfect connection with it. And that wire, despite all the care with which he had disconnected the storage batteries the night before, was connected with one of them—one of the most powerful of them, which had not been used the preceding night—and the switch was turned on so that the wire was vivified with the full terrific and fatal force of the current. Illicit love has its drawbacks, even in Spain.

ST. GEORGE.

Not long since a party of young men went from Boston to a country town down in Maine for a few day's fishing. They had a full outfit of tackle and gear, and upon arrival at their destination stood in need of but one thing—bait. After consulting their local adviser, they secured the services of an ancient resident, who started out to dig the needed worms. He was gone three or four hours, but to good purpose, for when he returned he had a water bucket even full of a wiggling mass of earth-worms. Now, this was more than the boys had bargained for, and thoughts of what such an unheard of wealth of bait would cost began to trouble them. To end their suspense they appointed one of their number spokesman, with plenary powers, but with instructions to make the best bargain possible. "How much do we owe you?" he asked, approaching the venerable bait-digger and taking out his wallet. "Well, I don't rightly know," rejoined the old man; "the ground is kinder solid, and the worms is fur down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em. But I've half a notion to go fishin' myself to-morrow, and if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase.—*J. Balguy.*

The San Francisco Minstrel, under the management of W. G. Davis, gave several performances at the Toronto Opera House this week. The company contains a number of good men, and the entertainment was in many respects worthy of commendation. Some new songs were introduced, and some old ones were rendered by the San Francisco quartette in a manner which elicited hearty encores. The antics of Messrs. Hooley and Thompson in their character sketches were exceedingly funny, and afforded unlimited satisfaction all round.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Well, thank goodness, we have one thing left, and that is the acting of Miss Ada Rehan, who I am bold enough to consider as one of the best English-speaking actresses, not at present one of ourselves, who has visited us for a considerable period. Her Katherine is really a very fine, bold, well-carved performance. There is nothing small or niggling about it. When Miss Rehan acts she acts, and does not fidget. She knows how to walk the stage, how to take the stage, how to fill the stage. This is what some of our ancestors did who are sneered at as old-fashioned by those who have not half their brains or experience. It is a treat to see acting like this—so free, so full of life, so spontaneous. Miss Rehan's first entrance and the whole of her early scene with Mr. John Drew are as good examples of comedy acting as could be found nowadays—not, indeed, that she depends wholly on them for her success as Katherine. The humiliation of the wife is admirable in its sly, satirical humor, and the address to the headstrong wives is a model of elocutionary grace and sustained charm. Although Miss Rehan is, in an art sense, a good head and shoulders above her companions, still she does not seem to dwarf them.

There are rumors that pretty Grace Henderson, now of the Lyceum Theater, may be starred next season. She has made a very favorable impression in New York. Her husband, Mr. David Henderson, is averse to her being on the stage at all, for he is fully able to support her luxuriously himself; but if she will be an actress, he is of the opinion that she should occupy none but a first-class position, so he will probably push her into that of a star. Of course it will take a few thousand dollars to get her there, but she would seem to have sufficient talent to be worthy of the outlay. Another lady about whom we are seeing a good deal in the papers is Helen Barry, who comes out in September under the management of that energetic and pushing man, Mr. J. M. Hill, of the Union Square. This will not be Miss Barry's first visit to the country, as she was here a few years ago and made a rather unfortunate *debut* in the very theater of which Mr. Hill is the manager. Her failure was due, however, entirely to the wretched play in which she appeared. She will now come here properly equipped for the work in hand. Helen Barry has long been more or less of a favorite in London, where at one time she was coached by Dion Boucicault, who had great faith in her ability, and demonstrated it by making her the leading lady in several of his plays. This about completes the list of the new women for the year, for Mary Anderson, who comes back to us in October, can hardly be accounted a novelty. Her tour under Mr. Abbey's direction is sure to be a great one. It begins at Wallack's Theater.

Mr. Irving's performance of Robert Macaire will certainly not add to his laurels. It is grotesque enough in all conscience and verges every now and then upon the terrible, but the whole buffoonery is inconceivable and uninteresting to an English audience of the present day. Frederick Lemaitre, we take it, believed in his own creation, in the heroic caricature of scoundrelism his genius had suggested to him. Mr. Irving, on the other hand, gives us a caricature of a caricature. He does not believe in the type; he has never seen it and he knows that we have not. He treats Macaire simply as a time-honored excuse for patter-farce and horse-play, going the length of interspersing his dialogue with whole sentences of English-French—French which does not pretend to be correct, and exists for the sake of its badness. There may be humor in this—people's notions of humor are so curiously divergent—but there is certainly neither logic nor ingenuity, nor (to put it shortly) common sense. The display of gore at the end was, in two senses, hideously out of place. When Sardou introduced a similar effect into "La Tosca," the French critics, to a man, protested against it. Sardou's play, however, professed to be a tragedy, in which a scene of horror was clearly permissible, though it might be carried to an unartistic pitch. It is difficult to assign the Lyceum Robert Macaire to any definite category, but a tragedy it certainly is not. It is not even, in any reasonable sense of the word, a melodrama. As The Beggars' Opera is called a Newgate Pastoral, so Robert Macaire might be called a Newgate Buffoonery; and in a buffoonery what have we to do with ghastly wounds and dripping blood? Mr. Irving will surely see the advisability, in future performances, of washing off some, at least, of his war paint.

"Our season," said Mr. Barrett, "has been so successful that I can even now scarcely realize that the results are as great as they are. The share we have received is over £150,000. It seems almost incredible, but it is true nevertheless. I have paid to Mr. Booth over £50,000 for his season's work. We played thirty-six weeks and our average share has therefore been about £4,500. And in every case but two the managers with whom we played made money—more money than they could have made with any ordinary company. One of those cases was due to the manager having insisted on our playing in a theater that was nothing like finished. I know that there have been reports that we took in several places the entire receipts. This is not true. It is easy enough to calculate that if we played to £6,000 or £7,000 and a manager got only 10 per cent., he was better off than if he had received 40 per cent. of an ordinary week's business of, say, between three and four thousand dollars. In the Baldwin Theater in San Francisco, a rather small house, we played to £19,000 in three weeks, and that doesn't represent anything like what was paid by the public, as tickets were sold on the street for more than double the regular prices. It was not, however, in money only that we were fortunate, but also in weather, health and immunity from accidents. Wherever we went we were either just ahead or just after a great storm. In Texas the famous "northers" had been blowing for three weeks before we arrived, but we had glorious weather all through. We did not have any sickness in the company, and all the way out to San Francisco we did not miss playing one day. It is true we sometimes gave a matinee instead of an evening performance, and we used special trains on several occasions. Once we took one for 700 miles. I am always afraid of special trains, as when engineers and conductors run independently of schedule time they strive to make records; but, as I said before, we didn't have an accident of any kind. The receipts in some of the smaller one-night stands were extraordinary. In one of 3,000 inhabitants we played to £1,000. A very satisfactory feature of the season was that our success was not due to any very great advance boom. In places where we stayed a week or longer the greatest sale was after the first night's performance."

Storm Proverbs.

When oxen or sheep collect together as if they were seeking shelter, a storm may be expected.

Domestic animals stand with their heads from the coming storm.

Foxes barking at night indicate storm.

Peafowl utter loud cries before a storm and select a low perch.

Wild geese flying over in great number indicate approaching storm.

When a heavy cloud comes up in the southwest and seems to settle back again, look out for a storm.

Red clouds at sunrise indicate a storm.

A long strip of clouds called a Salmon, or Noah's Ark, east and west, is a sign of stormy weather, but when it extends north and south, it is a sign of dry weather.

North and south the sign of drought.

East and west the sign of blast.

If the clouds be of different heights the sky being greyish or dirty blue, with hardly any wind stirring, the wind, however, changing from west to south, or sometimes to south-east, without perceptibly increasing in force, expect storm.

The aurora, when very bright, indicates storm.

Coals becoming alternately bright and dim indicate approaching storms.

Fire always burns brighter and throws out more heat just before a storm, and is hotter during a storm.

It is said that blacksmiths select a stormy day in which to perform work that requires extra heat.

Soot burning on back of chimney indicates storm.

Distant sounds heard with distinctness during the day indicates rain.

Sound traveling far and wide,
A stormy day will bestride.

The weather usually moderates before a storm.

A Reform Farm for Young Englishmen.

From Texas Siftings.

On the big Cottonwood river in Redwood County, Minnesota, is a farm owned by Chicago men, that is certainly the most unique in this or any other country. It is an American reform farm for erring young English sclons, and its most important harvest is an annual crop of rich young Englishmen of the wild oats, early-seeding variety.

These are for the most part second sons of men of wealth and position who have been too fast at home and are sent here to settle down and sober off. The farm that they are expected to cultivate comprises 3,200 acres, and is well stocked.

Superintendent Hicks says these English lads are gentlemen, every one; they obey orders and are tolerably willing to work, although they don't hanker after it. Their fathers pay the institution money to teach the "young rascals," as they affectionately call them, farming and stock raising. It is observed that they take to horses more naturally than anything else, and are anxious to develop any latent ability in racing that the equines may possess, each one staking all his pocket money on his favorite with a recklessness imbibed at the English Derby. If they weren't watched they would have a Derby every week.

They have a costume for every kind of work and change their clothes five or six times a day. Of course young FitzHerbert Clarendon cannot be expected to wear the same suit in following the plow that he does in running a mowing machine. It wouldn't be good form, you know. And he would go to jail rather than go to dinner in a breakfast suit.

One of the boys in riding after imaginary hounds one day in pursuit of a suppositiious fox, invaded the ground of a neighboring farmer, an irascible man, who had him arrested for trespass. When the day came for trial the culprit's only anxiety was, how to dress for the occasion.

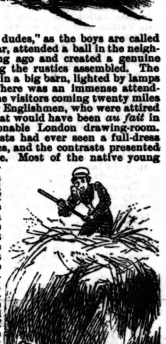
"I don't know what kind of a suit to wear," he said to a comrade.

"How would a lawsuit do?" comrade replied.

"Wait until it is over, and you may get a striped suit," suggested another, which shows that young Englishmen in this country fall easily into the current style of American humor.

The Britons must have their daily baths, and refuse to associate on equal terms with the ordinary farm hands or eat with them. They usually dine at the superintendent's table, where eating with the knife is not practiced.

The "English dudes," as the boys are called in the vernacular, attended a ball in the neighborhood not long ago and created a genuine sensation among the rustics assembled. The dance was held in a big barn, lighted by lamps and candles. There was an immense attendance, some of the visitors coming twenty miles to see the young Englishmen, who were attired in dress suits that would have been *au fait* in the most fashionable London drawing-room. Few of the guests had ever seen a full-dress suit in their lives, and the contrasts presented were remarkable. Most of the native young men wore flannel shirts with trousers tucked in the tops of their cowhide boots, though some of the more elegant sported "store clothes" that fitted them too much, as a general thing. Young Englishmen who have been well raised have a knack of appearing to be at home almost anywhere. They accommodate themselves to circumstances, and although dressed for a royal ball-room, our heroes were not the least embarrassed at a 'shindig' in a Minnesota barn. They were the very pink of politeness, and saluted the rustic maids in as courtly a manner as they would ladies of high degree.



The young ladies appeared in calico and gingham gowns of obsolete mode. They were handsome and robust, though, and delighted to have the young aristocrats for partners.

A Minnesotian got jealous of a British scion on account of his attention to his girl. As frowns had no effect, he challenged the Englishman to go outside and settle it there, which the latter agreed to, provided it was done with fists, according to the rules of the English prize ring. Minnesota acceded, and they retired to a quiet spot just behind the barn, where, by the light of the moon, the more scientific Briton polished off his adversary in two vigorous rounds. Then they shook hands, took a drink together, and returned to the festive dance.

There is good material in those English lads, and they ought to make first rate American citizens.

The Coming School of Poetry.

Editor (ten years hence)—This will never do, young man; your lines rhyme!

New contributor—Why, it's poetry, sir.

Editor—Yes; I supposed from its appearance that it was intended for poetry. But here are two couplets in one stanza, "here" and "dear;" "there" and "dare."

New contributor—Why—I—thought the lines had to rhyme in poetry. I struggled with those rhymes, sir, until they were perfect.

Editor—Shades of Whitman! Where have you lived? Why, my poor dear fellow, don't you know all that is dead and buried!

New contributor (timidly)—How would it do to print these lines wrong side before?

Editor—Sir! that's a new idea. (Looks over manuscript again.) By Jove. You're a genius! It'll be the literary success of the season.

His Revenge.

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said, "Ma, can't I speak just one word?"

"You know the rule, Arthur."

"Just one word."

"No, Arthur; not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say.

"Oh, nothing; only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up."

Johnny was Anxious.

"Won't we get any dinner to-day, ma?" asked little Johnny McSwilligen rather anxiously as the congregation sang the closing hymn at the morning service last Sunday.

"Of course we will, Johnny," whispered his mamma. "What put that question into your head?"

"Why, everybody's singing, 'We're going home to dine no more.'"

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

When Alonzo beheld Zenella in that chamber and realized that she, too, had been brought before the Secret Three, his face blanched and his knees shook beneath him; and the look which she meant for encouragement only proved a dagger to his heart. Until now he had not called directly upon his knowledge of the laws of Venice and of the executive powers for a solution of the problem afforded by his situation; but now he turned his thoughts in to that channel, and it was the result thereof that blanched his face and shook his frame. He had hoped that banishment and confiscation were to be his sentence; but it came to his mind that infractions of law punishable with such penalties were never brought to the secret judgment of the Three; they were tried and judged upon by the Council of Ten. If his offence brought him legitimately before the tribunal of the State Inquisitors, there might be something more dreadful than he had yet thought. He was thus engaged in harrowing reflection and surmise, when Rinaldi (his mask could not hide him from those who had once known him) broke the silence.

"Alonzo de Verona, thou art brought before our august tribunal upon a grave and serious charge. Thou art a prince of the realm, and shouldst know the laws. Thy name stands first among those that adorn the pages of the Golden Book, and thou shouldst have been first in thine endeavors to keep the fountain of our nobility pure and unsullied. Alonzo de Verona, dost behold the woman who standeth yonder?"

With gasping utterance the prince answered:

"I do."

"What is she to thee?"

There was a moment's hesitation, not with thought of prevarication, but with thought of what dread consequence might hang upon his answer.

"She is my wife!" he at length said, slowly and solemnly.

The Inquisitor turned to the scribe, and the scribe wrote down the question and the answer. After this Rinaldi turned towards the spy.

"Dagolfo!"

Upon being thus called by name, the spy removed his mask.

"Dagolfo, dost thou know aught of this woman, called Zenella, whom the Prince Alonzo de Verona hath, by his own acknowledgment, taken to wife?"

"I do, worshipful Signor," replied the spy, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Who and what is she?"

"She is the daughter of a fisherman of Milos, and by estate a slave!"

"A slave!" echoed Alonzo. "Thou liest in thy teeth, Dagolfo! She is the daughter of a Venetian noble."

"The lady shall herself say whether I am not best able to judge of that matter," returned the spy, with one of his most wicked smiles. And having thus spoken, he turned and looked upon the beautiful prisoner.

"Zenella, do you remember me?"

The poor girl looked, and shrank back with a sharp cry, as from some deadly thing.

"Benedetto!" she pronounced, gasping for breath.

"Aye, my lady. I was Benedetto once—Benedetto when I owned thee—when thou wert my slave; but I am Dagolfo now. A new business hath found me a new name."

"How sayest thou, Zenella?" asked the Inquisitor.

"Great God of mercy!" ejaculated Alonzo, "this cannot be!"

"It is not! It is not!" cried Zenella, reviving when she saw her husband quaking with terror. "You—you"—to the spy—"told me that my father was a Venetian noble, banished from the Republic."

"So I did, Zenella, but I did it that I might hold thee more securely. I knew thy spirit, and as my business called me much from home, I feared thou wouldst escape if the truth were known to thee."

"And why did you wish to keep me?" demanded Zenella. "What were you to gain? You knew that I loved you not."

"I was to gain gold, my Zenella, if I could keep you until your beauty was fully developed."

Alonzo raised his manacled hands, as though with the impulse to spring upon the spy and strike him, but his keepers held him back.

"O wretch!—perjured, false-hearted wretch!—it cannot, cannot be!" exclaimed our stricken heroine, clasping her hands beneath the clanking shackles. "I was not yours to sell! You could gain no gold! O! say it is false! No! no! no! I was not a slave!—O! not that!"

"And yet, Zenella," said the spy, leaving off the wicked smile and speaking soberly, "I did get much gold for thee. Dost think I would have relinquished such beauty as thine for a paltry consideration? No, no, the Count Antonio paid me a liberal price."

"My father?" asked Alonzo.

"Aye, thy father, Signor."

"Dagolfo!" spoke the chief Inquisitor, "hast thou further proof than thy word?"

"I have," replied the spy, "and I will give it thee with my story. Zenella came into my possession when she was a mere child, not yet able to talk. I bought her of her father, her mother being dead. My home was then in Smyrna, where I kept the girl until she was twelve years of age. Then I came to Venice, and brought her with me. I lived for a year in a house near the Casino, and during that time my propensity for gaming got the mastery of my judgment. I lost all my money. One night, at the Casino, I found myself entirely bankrupt. The old Count Antonio was there, and I remembered that he had more than once expressed a liking for Zenella. Do not say that I have no heart. I might have sold the girl to another, who cared only for her wondrous beauty."

The chief Inquisitor started and clutched his hands vindictively; but the spy seemed not to notice.

"But I knew that Antonio de Verona would love her as his child, and to him I offered her. He paid me my price, and in return for the bill of sale which I gave him, he gave to me an acknowledgment of the transaction, together with a bond that he would not sell the girl to another. Here is the instrument, worshipful Signor, and you can see that it bears the seal and the signature of De Verona."

Rinaldi took the paper; and when he had observed its contents, he showed it to his two companions.

"May I see it?" asked Alonzo, in a hoarse, choking tone.

The spy took the paper and handed it to the prisoner.

"I think you will recognize your father's hand," said the Inquisitor.

The prince held the time-stained paper towards the hanging lamp, and gazed upon the words that were written thereon.

The instrument bore a date six years past, and acknowledged that the maker thereof had purchased the girl called Zenella; that she came to him of her own free will; and he pledged his honor that he would keep her and care for her and love her, and never sell her to another. And to this was signed the name of Antonio de Verona, and attached was the seal of the family crest. Alonzo knew that it was his father's own hand; and he knew that no other seal but that engraved upon the sapphire of his father's signet could have impressed the wax of which the seal was composed.

He read the name, made sure that his eyes did not deceive him, and then, with a groan of agony, he let the paper fall, and staggered backward.

"Alonzo de Verona," spoke Rinaldi, when the papers had been picked up and handed to the scribe, "the charge is fully sustained. Thou, a noble of Venice, hast been guilty of taking for thy wife a slave, thus bringing into our patrician found corruption and base contamination. Thou knowest the doom. Death alone can purge thee."

"And Zenella!" gasped the prince, spasmodically.

"She is flesh of thy flesh, and must die with thee."

"O! God have mercy!"

"You will be taken hence to the prison of the condemned," pursued the Inquisitor, "where a few short hours will be allowed you for religlous reflection and preparation. The light of day you will behold no more. Officers, you know your duty."

"One word! O, let us go together!"

"From this moment you behold each other no more until you go to your final doom. Such is the requirement of the law."

"Alonzo! Alonzo! O, no! no! no!—Alonzo, my husband!"

He heard the despairing cry; he saw his Zenella sink fainting into the arms of a familiar; and he thanked God that in the loss of consciousness she had, for that bitter time at least, found oblivion for her great agony. And then weak and sick at heart, he was himself led away—led through a long passage, through an arch, to a hollow sounding pavement, and he knew that he was upon the Bridge of Sighs—that fatal bridge leading from the Ducal Palace to the State Prison, which when once crossed by the condemned, was seldom trodden by his feet again;—on across the dreadful highway of death, to the dark prison, where the iron door was shut upon him, and the strong bolts shot hard and fast into their unyielding sockets!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOOR AGAIN.

As the Chief Inquisitor stepped down from the dais, after the prisoners had been led away, he plucked the spy by the sleeve, and whispered into his ear.

"I will be with you in your closet very soon, Signor," the spy said, in reply; and without waiting to hear more, he went out and descended to the guard-room.

"Has Leonardo returned?" he asked of one of the sentinels.

"He has, and is in your own closet, master."

Dagolfo retired to the small, cell-like apartment, which had been set apart for his private use, where he found the familiar he sought.

"Ah, Leonardo, your quick return should bode success. What news?"

"I have found the Moor, my master."

"Good! But, Leonardo, it will be better still if you have him where you can immediately put your hands upon him."

"You shall be your own judge of that matter," said the familiar. "Early this evening I espied the Moor upon the Rialto. I followed him to the inn of Anselmo, where he remained an hour. Thence I followed him to the Square of St. Peter, where he sought to gain admittance to the house of the Count Gonsalvo—"

"A word here," interrupted the spy, with a spasmodic twitching of the muscles of the face. "Do you know if anything has been seen or heard of the count?"

"I have heard nothing, my master; and I think we may set it down that Gonsalvo is not in Venice."

"Why think ye so?"

"Because he would have been found ere this had he been within the city."

"True, Leonardo. The count must have made good his escape. But how? By the mass! there has been treachery somewhere. How could he have known that he was in the Lion's Mouth, if warning had not been sent to him from our office?"

"I should rather suppose," suggested the familiar, "that his own conscious guilt had led him to flee."

"But how at that particular moment!—at the very moment when you held the order for his arrest."

"It may have been one of those strokes of chance, my master, which are as liable to turn up against us as for us."

"It may have been so," said Dagolfo, with a gulp. "But let the count pass now. Go on with this Moor."

"As I was saying," pursued the familiar, "I followed the Moor to the house of the Count Gonsalvo: but as he gained no admittance there, he made no stop. Then he returned to the inn upon the Rialto. It was near midnight when he came forth again, and thence I tracked him to the Verona Palace. He remained there full half an hour, coming out just as the clock of St. Mark struck twelve. At the palace landing he took a gondola and proceeded to the Ghetto, where he was admitted to the house of the Jew, Ben-hadad; and there I left two of my companions to watch while I came to report to you."

"By Saint Mark!" cried Dagolfo, rubbing his hands, "thou hast done exceeding well. The Moor must be taken before another sun breaks upon this night; and to unsafe ears must hear his blabbing. Call Besano and Perazzo to your aid, and return at once to the Ghetto. Wait not for the Moor to come forth, but enter the Jew's abode and arrest him. We regard him as a spy in the employ of Algiers and as a dangerous man. Let him not escape you."

"Fear not, my master. He shall be within these walls before the night is passed."

With this the familiar bowed and took his departure, and when the spy was alone he started up and clenched his hands—clenched them as though he grasped at something which he would hold and throttle.

"Now by the powers infernal!" he muttered, crunching and twisting the airy vision of his grasp, "the Moor is mine! I was a fool to let him go at the Rialto. Ye gods! if he should take it into his head to tell his secret! Will he trust the Jew? I must know—I must know. If Ben-hadad gains the knowledge which Maleck can impart it will prove the most expensive bit of knowledge that ever came to him."

And here the spy clutched at a new victim, and his dark brow was fearfully corrugated. At length by an effort, he put away whatever of fear or apprehension might have oppressed him, and the old wicked smile broke over his sinister face.

"Bah!" he cried, striding across the narrow apartment, "there is no danger. I have too much power in Venice. Before the breaking of another day the Prince of Verona will have met his death, and the Doge himself will be under my thumb! Ah, Giovanni! little do you dream how surely my trap is set. Let this Moor be once safely disposed of, and the last hope for your redemption is gone!—*Demonio!* why did Maleck come hither? Why did not I shut his lips while he was mine to deal with? But he shall be mine again. He is in the toils.

"But—Rinaldi! waits. Ha, ha, how convenient 'tis to find villains in high places. While I serve the Inquisitor, he serves me. With this piece of work consummated, and the golden sequins of the confiscated estates of the prince in my coffers, I can once more tempt the goddess of the Casino!"

The spy found Rinaldi with his robes of office and his mask removed.

"Now, Signor," said the former, when he had closed the door behind him. "I am at your service. You seem troubled."

"I am troubled," returned the Inquisitor, quickly and vehemently.

"Indeed, Signor, I cannot understand why. Death not the work go bravely on? Is not the gold already within our grasp?"

"Aye, Dagolfo, but you have deceived me. The work has not been done as I had anticipated."

"By my life, Rinaldi, you speak in riddles. I promised you that I would bring Alonzo de Verona to death, and his estates to confiscation. Have I not kept my word?"

"So far, yes," replied the Inquisitor.

"And will you not have your share of the gold?"

"Out upon thee, for a traitor!" cried Rinaldi, clenching his hand by his side. "The gold was not all that was to have been mine. The girl—Zenella—you promised me."

"Easy, my good master. I did not promise to the girl, like a netted dove, into thy hand. I said that I would bring her within thy power."

"And thou hast not done it," retorted Rinaldi. "She is farther from me than ever. By sentence of the Three she has crossed the Bridge of Sighs, and is beyond the reach of any single man. By the holy saints! I would rather have her than the gold. I tell thee, Dagolfo, thou hast played me false. Ah! and yet thou smiled!"

"If I smiled, Signor, it was because it is a sight unusual to behold Rinaldi at a loss for resources in time of need."

"Dagolfo!"

"Have you courage, Signor, to put forth your hand upon the prize that is within your grasp?"

"I have, Dagolfo. Have you then left some way open for the recovery of the prize?"

"Listen, Signor."

The spy seated himself and then proceeded:

"In attendance upon Zenella was a Jewish maiden named Hester, a maiden comely and fair to look upon; and by men who had not tasted her sweetness she would be deemed beautiful. This maid I have had conveyed to one of the chambers in the upper prison, where she is now within the reach of every one of the Zenella is in Dandolo's cell, where, by virtue of your office, you may visit her when you will. If you can persuade upon her to accept life at the price you are willing to name, she can be secretly removed, and the Jewess put in her place."

"But," said Rinaldi, "the execution must be witnessed by our deputies. Alvado and Mendoza will discover the cheat."

"You are blind, Signor. I thought your wits were more keen. Listen again. If Zenella will save her life by accepting your hand, the work is accomplished. She can be conveyed away in disguise to your dwelling, and Jewess left in her robes, put in her place. Beyond this a simple dagger stroke, or a cup of poison is all that is needed. I can furnish the workman for a small consideration."

"And then—"

"Then," added Dagolfo, "we give out that Zenella died in her cell; and no more questions are asked. The body found in Dandolo's cell will be consigned to the pit, and none will be the wiser."

"Dagolfo," cried the Inquisitor, starting to his feet, and grasping the spy by the hand, "thou art a treasure. I will haste me to the prison at once. Zenella cannot wish to die so young—ah! and such a terrible death! No, no, she will come to me gladly. O, what triumph! —what transport! She is mine—mine!"

"You will go to Zenella, while I go to make sure the way to success in another direction. Good luck to you, Rinaldi."

"The same to yourself, Dagolfo. And I trust that luck to one means luck to both."

And they separated—the Inquisitor to offer a life, and the spy to cut a life short.

In the quaint old drawing-room of the Jew's dwelling, on the same night, sat Ben-hadad and the Moor called Maleck, whom we have seen once rescued from the hands of the Jew's race near the Rialto. That the conversation had been of deep interest was evident from the looks of the pair; and it was furthermore to be seen that they were eager and anxious.

"My good Maleck," said the Jew, "there is not a moment to be lost. You must hasten to the Ducal Palace and gain audience with the Doge."

"I realize the necessity," returned the Moor, "but I also see difficulties in the way. I know that my steps have been dogged this night, and it is not impossible that I may have been seen to enter your house. This Benedetto, who now calls himself Dagolfo, has seen and recognized me. I am sure of it. If I fall into his hands before I see the Doge, all is lost, unless I can convey some sign. Dagolfo—I suppose I must so call him—is not only a villain of the darkest dye, but he is bold and daring, and subtle as a serpent. If I have been tracked hither—Hark! What sound was that?"

"Someone knocks at the water-gate," said the Jew, in alarm.

At this juncture the arras was raised at the far side of the room, and a female entered, habited in the mourning garb of the Hebrew women.

She was still young—not more than three or four-and-twenty—and fair of form and feature; and she mourned the loss of her husband.

Such was Ben-hadad's widowed daughter Judith, a woman of tender compassion and active sympathies. She had overheard the conversation between her father and the Moor, and the knocking at the gate had brought her into their presence.

Very softly, the door communicating with the hall was opened, and a servant announced that a gondola of State had stopped at the landing.

"It may be Rinaldi," said the Jew.

"Rinaldi would not knock like that," ventured Judith.

"Thou art right, my daughter."

And then to the servant he added:

"Go and see who knocks; but start not a bolt nor a bar until thou hast brought me word."

"Ben-hadad," said the Moor, after the servant had gone, "should these prove to be familiars of the Inquisition, is there any avenue of escape open to me?"

"Judith," spoke the Jew, "look to the postern."

The woman hastened away, and very quickly returned with the announcement that men were stationed in the narrow lane back of the house.

"There is no escape, Maleck," said Ben-hadad trembling with fear. "If Dagolfo has set his familiars to trap you, and dares to use a state barge, be sure he hath due commission; and such being the case, he would leave no loophole open."

"One word more, Benhadad: If—"

"Hold! Here comes Tubal. Now, Tubal, what news?"

The servant trembled like an aspen.

"They are dark-robed men, my master, and demand admittance in the name of the State Inquisitors!"

"I must admit them!" groaned the Jew.

"One moment," implored the Moor. "Answer me this: If I am arrested by the familiars, what will they do with me?"

"Convey you to prison."

"And where is the prison?"

"In the Ducal Palace."

"Then, Ben-hadad, will you not carry to the Doge a sign?"

"Hark! O, Maleck, there is no time. Hear them knock!"

"But when they find me here they will be appeased. Ben-hadad, bear to Giovanni this signet." And the Moor took from his neck a silken cord upon which was suspended a gold ring, bearing a ruby of wondrous size and lustre. "Bear it to Giovanni, and tell him Maleck is in prison."

"O, I dare not," returned the Jew, shuddering. "They will find you here with me. Should they see me in the Ducal Palace, I should be suspected at once."

"Ben-hadad," cried the Moor, with passionate entreaty, "it is a case of life or death. If you ever loved poor Zenella——"

"Maleck, I cannot! You know not what you ask. My appearance at the palace would be worse than useless. Hear them knock again! I dare wait no longer."

"Alas!" groaned the Moor, in an agony of mental torture, "And thus ends my last hope of earth! If Giovanni could but look upon this ring, he would not rest until he had found the man who sent it."

"Give me the ring!" cried Judith, advancing, and putting forth her hand.

"You!" exclaimed her father.

"Give it to me," she said, stoutly and resolutely, "and I will place it in the Doge's hands if the thing be possible."

"But he must have it this night."

"He shall have it within the hour if I live."

Maleck gave her the ring, and she slipped the silken cord over her head, and hid the gleaming ruby in her bosom.

"In the giving of this signet into Giovanni's hand," she said, "can yield you hope, then take courage. For Zenella's sake I will risk my life."

With these words she disappeared beyond the arras, and then Ben-hadad directed his servant to unbar the gate.

The Moor would have spoken further, but the Jew was too terrified to listen. He had become involved in a dreadful business, and he knew not how soon his own name might be cast into the Lion's Mouth and his great wealth snatched from him.

Ere long four familiars entered the room, black-robed and masked. They had come in hastily; but when they saw the Moor they stopped, and he who held the lead turned towards the Jew.

"Ben-hadad, why is this man here?"

With the instinct of self-preservation the Jew was strong and self-possessed. As fear and trembling could only have been signs of guilt he put them away.

"He came," the host answered, "to make inquiries concerning the girl called Zenella, who was aforetime beneath my roof."

"And what's she to him?"

"I asked him that question, and he flatly refused to answer me."

"But you gave him the information he sought!"

"I gave him all I had to give."

"You told him of the girl's marriage?"

"Yes, and that she had fled from Venice with her husband; but I could not tell him whither."

The chief of the familiars nodded to his followers, and two of them advanced and took the Moor by the arms and led him from the room—led him down upon the landing, where they put shackles upon his wrists, after which they seated him in the gondola.

After the prisoner had been conducted away the spokesman of the familiars turned again to the Jew.

"Ben-hadad, watchful eyes are upon you and quick ears are open to catch your words. Beware!"

"But—good Signor——"

"I wish to hear no more. Let your actions tell whether you would live or die. Silence will prove your greatest virtue as well as your best friend."

And with this the dark-robed minion turned away, and the Jew was left alone. In a few moments more the plash of the oars was heard from the canal, and Ben-hadad knew that the Moor was being born to his prison!

(To be Continued.)

Lack of Evidence.

In the police court. An old "rounder" was brought up charged with drunkenness.

"You seem in a state of evident intoxication," remarked the magistrate.

"Not very 'evident,' your honor, for I didn't know a blessed thing about it myself."

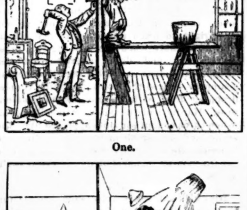
Parental Judgment.

Little Dot (at the table)—Some more of that please.

Mamma (who has finished her meal and feels a sense of repletion)—Mercy no; you'll kill yourself.

Papa (who came in late and has just got started)—Well if you won't help her I will. I'll not sit quietly by and see a child starve.

A Pointed Allusion.



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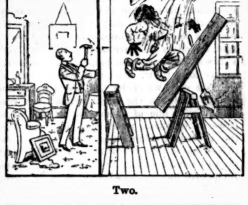

Two.

Three.

His Night-Caps.

First Kentucky wife—What kind of night-caps does your husband use, Mrs. Vivant?

Second Kentucky wife—Bourbon trimmed with real sugar, Mrs. Ransom.

The Dangers of Friendship.

Wife—"Didn't you have a fuss with neighbor Schmidt yesterday?"

Husband—"I called him a thief and a liar."

"What did you do that for? I'm sure he has always been very kind to me."

"That's just it. He has been so friendly of late that I was afraid that he was going to ask me to lend him money, so to head him off I insulted him. Guess he'll not want to borrow any money from me for a good while."

A Necessary Accomplishment.

"So you want to join my company!" said the manager of an unsubstantial theatrical company to a young man.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever had any experience?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll test your capabilities. Just pick up that trunk over there and let me see how you would go about letting it out of the window."

To Full for Utterance.

Mrs. Golightly—Not leaving, Mr. Hogge? We were just going to have some *cocoa*.

Hogge (of Chicago)—Really, ma'am, I couldn't swallow another mouthful.

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A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Morning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSE COLOR.

Of course she recovered. What else could she do? If a man seems dying for want of bread and you give him bread enough and to spare, he will regain strength and life, will he not? And so with Dolly. Having found Grif, she had nothing to die for and so much to live for, that she lived. It seemed, too, that even if she had been inclined to die, Grif would have held her fast to earth. It was worse than mere less to attempt to delude him into leaving her side for an hour; he hung over the invalid's couch in such an anguish of half despairing anxiety that the tenderness of the unceremoniously deposed nurses were quite touched. He watched every change in Dolly's face, every brightening or fading tint in her cheek, every glance of her eyes, he followed her every movement. If she was tired of her posture, he could raise her or lay her down and settle her cushions as no one need could; if she was strong enough to listen he could talk to her; if she was too weak he could be silent.

But naturally there was much to talk about. Not that the period of his absence had been a very eventful one. It was as Ralph Gowan had fancied—he had been living quietly enough in a secluded London street; during the whole of the time, but Dolly found the history of his self-banishment both interesting and soul-moving. The story of his miseries brought tears to her eyes, and his picture of what he had suffered on that unhappy night, when he had rushed out of the house and left her insensible upon the sofa, made her cling to his hand, convulsively and sob outright.

"I can scarcely believe you are here—quite safe," she would say; you might have killed yourself."

And indeed he had been in no small danger of so doing.

Among all this, however, there was one bit of brightness—a wonderful piece of news he told her that very day after his return. Fortune had, with her usual caprice, condescended to smile upon him at last. Incredible as it appeared, he had got into "something," and this "something" was actually remunerative—reasonably remunerative, if not extravagantly so. Four hundred a year would pay the rent of the figurative house in Putney or elsewhere, and buy the green sofa and appurtenances, at least. Dolly could scarcely believe it, and indeed he scarcely believed it himself.

"It seemed as if, when I had lost all else, this came to add to the bitterness of the loss," he said. "I am afraid I was far from being as grateful, at first, as I ought to have been. I could only remember how happy such luck would have made us both if it had only come a year or so earlier. And the very day I got the place I passed the upholsterer's where the parlor furniture was—green sofa and all. And I went home with the firm intention of blowing my brains out. The only thing that saved me that day was the fact that my landlady met me at the door with a miserable story about her troubles and her taxes, and by the time I had listened for half an hour, and heard something she wanted done, I had cooled down a little, though I was wretched enough."

"The 'something' was paying the taxes, wasn't it?" questioned Dolly.

"Something of that kind," admitted Griffith.

"Ah," said Dolly, wisely, "I thought so."

Very naturally Griffith felt some slight embarrassment on encountering Miss MacDowlas, having a rather unpleasant recollection of various incidents of the past. But Miss Berenice faced the matter in a different manner and with her usual decision of character. She had made up her mind to receive Griffith Donne as a respectable fact, and then, through Dolly's eloquence, she had learned to regard him with even a sort of affection—a vague enough affection, of course, at the outset, but one which would ripen with time. Thus she rather surprised him by confronting him upon an entirely new ground. She was cordial and sensible, and on the first opportunity she explained her change of feeling with great openness.

"I have heard so much of you from Dolly," she said, "that I am convinced I have known nothing of you before. I hope we shall be better friends. I am very fond of Dolly. I wish I had known her three or four years ago."

And there was such a softened tenderness in her thin, unpromising face, that from thenceforward Griffith's doubts were removed and his opinion altered, as here had done. The woman who had loved and pitied Dolly when she so sorely needed pity and love, must be worthy of gratitude and affection.

Phil and Toinette and Mollie, arriving, in deepest affliction, to receive Dolly's last farewell, were rather startled by the turn affairs had taken. Changed as she was, the face she turned to greet them was not the face of a dying girl. She was deplorably pale and shrunken and thin, but the light of life was in her eyes and a new ring was in her voice. She had vitality enough to recognize fresh charms in Tod, and spirit enough to make a few jokes.

"She won't die," commented Phil to his wife when they retired to her room.

"No," said Mrs. Phil, discreetly, "it is not likely, now Grif has come back. But it won't do to waste the journey, Phil, so we may as well stay awhile. We have not been anywhere out of London this summer."

Accordingly, with their usual genius for utilizing all things, they prolonged their visit and made it into a kind of family festival, and since their anxiety on Dolly's behalf was at an end they managed to enjoy it heartily. They walked here and rode there and explored unheard-of points and places; they kept the quiet people in the quiet hotel in a constant state of pleasant ferment with their good spirits and unceremonious friendliness. Mollie and Aimee and Mrs. Phil excited such general admiration that when they made their appearance at the *table d'hote* there was a visible stir and brightening, and Dolly was so constantly inquired after that there were serious thoughts entertained of issuing hourly bulletins. The reaction of high spirits after their fears was something exhilarating even to beholders.

And while they enjoyed themselves and explored and instituted a high carnival of innocent rejoicing, Dolly directed all her energies to the task of getting well and filling Grif's soul with hope and bliss. As soon as she had fully recovered they were to be married—not a day, not an hour longer would Grif consent to wait. His only trouble was that she would not be strong enough to superintend the purchase of the green sofa and appurtenances. Aimee had, however, proved his rock of refuge as usual. They were to return to London together and make the necessary preparations, and then the wedding was to take place in Geneva, and the bride would be carried home in triumph.

"We have been so long in traveling toward the little house at Putney that it will be the nicest bridal tour we coule have," said Dolly.

Then, of course, came some pleasant excitement in connection with the trousseau, in which everybody was involved. The modest hotel had never before been in such a state of mind through secret preparations, as it was when Dolly was well enough to sit up and walk about and choose patterns. Her instinct of interest in worldly vanities sustained that young person marvellously. When Grif and Aimee had returned to London she found herself well enough to give lengthy audiences to Mrs. Phil, who, with Miss MacDowlas, had taken the business of purchasing in hand, and to discuss fabrics and fashions by the hour. The truth was that she remembered Grif's enthusiasm on the subject of her toilets, and she was wholly ruled by a secret and laudable ambition to render herself as utterly irresistible as possible. She exercised to its utmost her inventive genius, and actually lay awake at night to devise simple but coquettish feminine snares of attire to delight and bewilder him in the future.

She might well progress rapidly toward health and strength. By the time the house was ready for her reception she was well enough to drive out and explore with the rest, though she looked curiously frail and unsubstantial by contrast with Mollie's bloom and handsome face. Mrs. Phil's grand cure. She was gaining flesh and color every day, but the slender throat and wrists and transparent hands were a bitter reproach to her then, and it would be many weeks before she could again indulge in that old harmless vanity in her dimples and smooth roundness of form.

Mollie more rosy than ever long, in one and, indeed, was so heart wrung by the sight of the change she found in her, that the very day of her arrival had not drawn to its close before she burst upon her with a remorseful appeal for forgiveness.

"But even if you forgive me I shall not forgive myself," she said. "I shall never forget that dreadful night when I found out that it was all my fault, and that you had borne everything without telling me. If—if it had not been for—for Mr. Gowan, Dolly, I think I should have died."

"If it had not been for who?" asked Dolly.

"Mr. Gowan," answered Miss Mollie, dropping her eyes, her very throat dyed with guilty blushes.

"Ah!" said Dolly. "And what did Mr. Gowan do, Mollie?"

"He was very kind—and sympathizing," replied Mollie.

"He always is sympathizing," looking at her with affectionate shrewdness. "He is very nice, isn't he, Mollie?"

"Yes," said Mollie. "Very nice, indeed."

"And I dare say you were so frightened and wretched that you cried!"

"Yes," confessed the abashed catechised.

"I thought so." And then conjuring up in her mind's eye a picture of Mollie, heartbroken, appealing and in tears, beauteous, piteous and grief-abandoned, she added, with tender impulsiveness: "I don't wonder that he sympathized with you, Mollie."

It revealed to her shortly afterwards that his sympathy had not confined itself to the night Molly called "dreadful." Since that night he had been a frequent visitor at Bloomsbury Place—as frequent a visitor as he had been in the days when Dolly had been wont so to entertain him.

A week after the return of Aimee and Grif from London, there fell again upon the modest hotel a hush, but it was not the hush of sympathetic silence which had fallen upon it before—it was merely a sort of reaction after slight excitement. The pretty English girl had, to every one's wonder, suddenly retired to earth and—marvel of marvels!—had been married. The wisest were bewildered, but such was the fact, nevertheless; nobody could exactly comprehend, but who could deny it? It was a mystery, indeed, until one day, some time after, a usually phlegmatic matron was struck with an idea, and accordingly propounded to her friends a somewhat vaguely-expressed problem.

"After the appearance of the lover one heard no more that she was dying!"

"Just so."

"Perhaps the lover had something to do with the matter!"

"Ah!"

"Perhaps she was dying for him, and his coming cured her!"

"Exactly. That must have been the case."

And thenceforth the matter was deemed settled. However, the gay, light-hearted party of English had taken their departure—the friendly young artist who sketched and smoked and enjoyed himself; his handsome young wife, who sketched and played with her hand; some child, and enjoyed herself; the beautiful younger sister, who blushed and was charmingly bashful, but enjoyed herself; the fair little saint with the grave, youthful face, who took care of them all, and yet enjoyed herself—the lover, the elder lady, the guest who came to be groomsman, the bride—they were all gone at last, and their absence was the cause of the hush of which I speak.

There had been a wedding—a joyous, light-hearted wedding, in which the bride had looked pretty and flower-like and half-ethereal—a fragile little creature enough in her white dress and under her white veil, but a delightfully happy little creature, notwithstanding—in which the bridegroom had been plainly filled with chivalric tenderness and bliss—in which the two sisters had been charming beyond measure, and the awkward, affectionate girl friend from the seminary had blushed herself into a high fever. There could not have been a more prettily orthodox wedding, said the beholders. Somehow its glow of young romance touched people, it was so evident that the young couple were fond of each other, and happy and hopeful. There were those who, seeing it solemnized in the small church, shed a few tears, they knew not why, when Grif lifted Dolly's veil and kissed her without a word.

"It is all rose color to them," said one of these soft-hearted ones apologetically to her neighbor.

Rose color! I should think it was.

But if it was all rose color then, what was it that first evening they spent at home—in their own home, in the exquisite little house which was so bright and pretty that it seemed more like a dream than a reality? What color did life look when Grif led Dolly across the threshold, half trembling blushing with joy? What color did it look when he shut the door of the entrancing little parlor, and turning round, went to her and folded her in his arms close to his beating heart?

Rose color! It was golden and more than golden! And yet, for the first minute, Dolly could not speak, and the next she laid her cheek in her favorite place, on the lapel of Grif's coat, and burst into a great gush of soft, warm tears—tears without a touch of any other element, however, than love and happiness.

"Home, Grif!" she said.

He was overcome and he had almost lost his voice, too, but he managed to answer her, unsteadily.

"Yes, Dolly," he said; "home!" And he stroked the bright hair upon his breast, with a world of meaning in his touch.

"Do you think," she said next, "that I am good enough and wise enough to take care of you?" She lifted up her face and kissed him.

"We love each other," she whispered, "we trust each other, and so we can help each other, and God will help us both. Ah, Grif, how bright and sweet life is!"

And she scarcely knew, tender little soul, that instead of "life" she should have said "love."

There we will leave them both, merely hinting at the festivities that followed—merely hinting at the rejoicings at Bloomsbury Place, the gatherings at Brabazon Lodge and the grand family reception at the house of the bride—a reception at which Dolly shone forth with renewed splendor, presiding over a gorgeous silver tea-service, which was one of Miss MacDowlas' many gifts, dispensing tea and coffee with the deportment of a housekeeper of many years' standing, and utterly distracting Grif with her maternity airs and graces.

Vagabondia was itself again in these days, but it was turning its brighter side outward. Phil was winning success, too, his position in the world of art was becoming secured, and Bloomsbury Place was to be touched up and refurnished gradually. Aimee had promised to make her home with Dolly until such time as her sweet little saint's face won her a home of her own. Miss MacDowlas had been adopted into the family circle, and was conscious of being happier than she had ever felt since her long-past youth slipped from her grasp. Tod's teeth were "through," as Mrs. Phil phrased it, and convulsions had not intervened, to the ecstacy of anxious admirers. And Mollie—well, Mollie waltzed with Ralph Gowan again on the night of Dolly's reception, and when the dance was at an end, she went and seated herself near her hostess upon the green sofa—it was a green sofa, though a far more luxurious one than Dolly and Grif had ever dared to set their hearts upon in the olden days.

"Dolly," she said, blushing for the last time in this history of mine, and looking down at her bouquet of waxen-white camellas and green leaves. "Dolly, I suppose Aimee has told you that I am engaged to—to——"

"To Mr. Gowan," suggested Dolly.

"Yes," answered Mollie, "to Mr. Gowan."

THE END.

They Deserved It.

"I suppose," said one traveling man to another, "that a horse makes that peculiar noise because it is his neigh-ture to do so."

"Yes," was the response, "and the mule's remarks are owing entirely to his bray zen effrontery."

The head of the firm overhead them and discharged them both.

Innocence Imposed Upon.

Caller (to Bobby, in his first trousers)—Those are nice trousers, Bobby, for a little boy.

Bobby (proudly)—They ain't boy's trousers. Ma says they are regular men's trousers.

Caller—Are they?

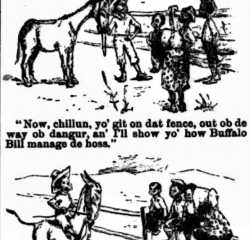
Bobby—Yes, indeed; they're made over from an old pair of pa's.

An Extension.

Physician's Wife—Are your affairs in very bad shape, John?

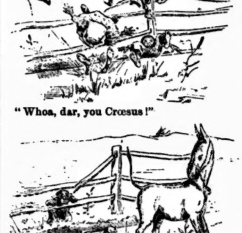
Physician—Very; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.

A Wild South Show.

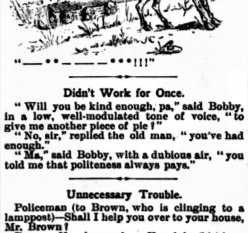


"Now, chillun, yo' git on dat fence, out ob de way ob dangur, an' I'll show yo' how Buffalo Bill manage de hoss."

"He's a little obstin'te at fust, but I'll spry him up."



"Whoa, dar, you Crœsus!"



"——***——***!!!"

Didn't Work for Once.

"Will you be kind enough, pa," said Bobby, in a low, well-modulated tone of voice, "to give me another piece of pie?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, "you've had enough."

"Ma," said Bobby, with a dubious air, "you told me that politeness always pays."

Unnecessary Trouble.

Policeman (to Brown, who is clinging to a lamppost)—Shall I help you over to your house, Mr. Brown?

Brown—No, shunnesby. Housh be (hic) here in a minute; can see it comin'. Been round twishe already.

About Diamonds.

"George, did you receive my note thanking you for the beautiful diamonds you sent me?" asked a fashionable young lady of the youth to whom she was engaged.

"Yes, Clara, I got your note, and you will excuse me if I call your attention to a little mistake you make in spelling," was the reply.

"What is it, George?"

"You spell diamonds with two m's."

"I did that purposely to preserve the unities."

"How so?"

"I wanted to make my spelling correspond with the diamonds. If the diamonds had been genuine I would have spelled them with only one m. Going already? Well, good morning!"

The Women in Utah.

The first question asked by the stranger in Salt Lake City is this, says a Salt Lake City letter, "Do the Mormons still practice polygamy?" They claim that they do not, but their assevarations are taken *cum grano salis* by the Gentiles there. The Edmunds bill disfranchises women living in polygamy and fines the man $500, with imprisonment for six months. The women are "allowed"—"compelled" would be a more appropriate term—"to testify against their husbands." Despite this it is extremely difficult to secure convictions. A woman is called on the witness stand, and a colloquy something like this occurs:

"Are you married?"

"I do not know sir."

"Is not the defendant your husband under the Mormon law?"

"I cannot say, sir."

"Is this your child?"—showing an infant of two or three months' age.

"Yes, sir."

"Who is its father?"

"I cannot say, sir."

This is no uncommon occurrence, the attorneys tell me. And, after all, one can scarcely blame the woman for testifying thus if they believe in the "divine sanction of polygamy" as taught by the Church. No less celebrated a lawyer than the late Jere S. Black has said, "To compel husband and wife to testify against each other is to change every rule of evidence, a contemptuous defiance of the great principles which protect the sanctity of the family and lie at the basis of civil society."

A Great Offer.

Language Professor—To what do I owe the honor of this call?

Stranger—I understand that you can talk in Greek, and the college pays you only $100 a week for your services.

"That is correct."

"I have come, sir, to offer you a position at $500 a week."

"My, my! What do you want me to do?"

"Tend bar at my palace saloon in Chicago."

Haw! Haw!

First actor—Did you see me play the part of the mule in the pantomime?

Second actor—Yes, and it was the first time in your life you didn't make an ass of yourself.

A Strict Disciplinarian.

Capt. Stern (of the militia)—Laura, I love you.

Laura—Captain, I can't believe it.

"Silence, Laura! No insubordination. Remember that I am to be your superior officer."

A Baptistical Metaphor.

Preacher Sim Gooseberry.—De collection will now be taken up. I'll wants to express it upon you, dat de watahs ob Salvation am free: but I am de hydrant, an' you got to pay fo' de hydrant!

A Reputation to Sustain.

Kind old lady—Little boy, wouldn't you like to go to Sabbath school, and learn to be good?

Little Boy—No'm; it would ruin me repertashun.

Kind old Lady—Ruin your reputation?

Little Boy—Yes'm; I'm known as "the bad boy of the block."

Conditional.

Jacob Levi, jr.—Baps, I vants den cents.

Jacob Levi, sr.—Vat for, mine son?

Jacob Levi, jr.—I vants to puy a tog.

Jacob Levi, sr.—Mine son, I gifs you den cents ofe you vill puy a paseball. Remember, mine son, a tog cats.

What Caused It.

Magistrate (sternly)—You are a pitiable specimen of humanity! What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace?

Prisoner—It took two policemen.

Repartee.

"Aw," said Milkum, as he met his friend Von Babcoop on King street, "are you mad, me dear boy? How dare you come out in that soft hat?"

"Soft hat!" responded Von Babcoop, flushing purple with anger (which left no blood below his collar-bone). "Haven't I as much wight to weah this soft hat on my head as you have to weah a soft head undaw your dawby!"

Club Manners.

Good club friends,

"I say, B., shall you be going to Brown's wedding to-morrow?"

"Wedding! No; hang him! If it were his funeral, I might think about it."

A Sudden Attack.

He dropped on his knees at her feet and began the speech he had been so long rehearsing:

"Darling love I hate you—I—mean, darling, hate, I love you, no—no—I mean——"

Here his face assumed a livid hue and began to tie itself in hard knots.

"What is it—paralysis?" she asked frantically.

"No, love," he whispered hoarsely, "I am kneeling on a tack!"

A Desperate Case Requires a Desperate Remedy.

Dr. Humpeth—You took one of those pills I left?

Patient—Yes; I made a mistake and took two.

Dr. H.—Two of those pills at once! Good heavens! How could you be so careless?

Patient (beginning to look sick)—I-I don't know. W-What were they made of?

Dr. H.—Medicated bread-crumbs—half a grain of salt to an ounce of crumbs. Someone fetch a stomach-pump, quick.

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Never before could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old Port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until Messrs. Feuerheerd introduced the

"COMMENDADOR"

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

How many literary men the newspapers now support; how many they educate for the more ambitious fields of book-making! It would be an easy matter to catalogue one hundred writers whose fame has been made by a lucky book, and to trace their development directly to routine work on some great or small journal. The press is a splendid school for acquiring breadth of vocabulary and for forming habits of concentration. To be a good journalist demands as wide a knowledge of affairs, as deep an insight into human nature as to write a novel. There are many fine minds grinding out party editorials, reports of dog shows, estimating horse race probabilities, writing social personals. We look over our daily paper, read head lines, perhaps go through some of the editorials, but without an idea of the tremendous energy, the wonderful activity of mind and hand that the printed pages are evidence of. Any city newspaper contains material for a bulky volume.

The apparent ease with which so many columns are turned out is a continual wonder. Joseph Hatton, Edwin Arnold, John Morley, Rider Haggard, James Payn, Justin McCarthy, James Parton, W. D. Howells, Geo. W. Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, are names that represent accomplishment, reputations made. These are a few living workers, just to suggest the type of men the press has turned out. A good newspaper reflects the individuality of its editors, the editor-in-chief gives the tone and everybody else chimes in, taking care to keep within at least suggestive harmony. There has been a phenomenal growth of late, or we should say, a remarkable grafting upon one of our oldest and most conservative evening papers. Since Col. Elliott F. Sheppard's purchase of the *Mail and Express*, it has had for its first editorial paragraph a text from the Bible. To begin with, this may be well, but to read first a political arraignment written in good set terms, and with the partisan spirit rampart, and then to your text, has a startling effect. I cannot find proof of the wisdom of this, which to me seems a vulgarizing of sacred truth. The motive, no doubt, is high, but a daily secular paper is of earth, earthy, and the text partakes of the ephemeral nature of the entire journal.

Books are few in summer; both the writers and publishers join with the public in a general season of rest and preparation for the fall and holidays. Most of the beautiful color books that so delight the present generation of children, are made ready now and stored away, biding the time when the spirit of the winter holidays shall begin to show itself. Many of the richest and most artistic of these are made in Germany. Our publishers find it cheaper to buy them there and pay a twenty-five per cent duty. What a contrast between children's books of to-day and those of twenty years ago! Then the grotesque largely influenced designers, now we have the delicate art of Miss Greenaway, of Walter Crane: Royal Academicians condescend to paint pictures for the little ones.

The paper novel grows apace during June; all of our big book houses turn out a string of them, taking advantage of the postal law covering periodical literature. We get the "skip me" stories, issued once a week, and the "watered" novels, bi-monthly. A well-known Boston writer lately expressed the opinion that summer novels were mostly poor stuff. What folly it really is to read anything without feeling an interest in it. There is no recreation in a senseless book; it is adding injury to bodily weariness to fill one's vacation "grip" with trashy stories. I never yet felt well after a bad dose of this sort of mental nausea, it is conducive to general flabbiness.

General Greeley, chief signal officer of the United States, predicts the hottest weather for '88 in July. A paper out in Detroit offered $500 to any one who could guess the three hottest days. If we are to have more in July, after the experience of this past June week, why then, I am, and I feel sure of sympathizers, for pajamas as the regular thing. I should also like to adopt, as a hat, an inverted ice-cooler, a sort of Stanley helmet, capable of holding a lump of frozen water. It might have a rubber tube extending down the spine to let the iced fluid percolate down that nerve center.

Patent applied for. CARRINGTON.

Theodore Tilton.

One of the characters about Paris is Theodore Tilton. His long, gray hair, which may still be called luxuriant, falls almost upon his shoulders, which have a little stoop. His features, which have more and more prominence and solidity as age steals upon him, are somewhat white, his gait has a slight slouch, but is still firm, while his massive form seems to have lost little of its ancient vigor. He usually wears a soft slouch hat, and his dress is careless. He lives in a modest way—no American knows exactly where—and is occasionally seen at the bookstores or on the Avenue de l'Opera. His principal place of resort is the Cafe de la Regence, which is in the Rue St. Honore, facing the open place in front of the Comedie Francaise. Here he drops in every afternoon at four or five o'clock, and here he may be punctually found thenceforward until dinner time, deeply absorbed in a game of chess. I met him a day or so ago and asked him about the alleged posthumous statement of Beecher about the scandal. He said he was surprised at the use some of the American journals were making of it. It was not new at all. In reality it was one of the first documents given to the public when the scandal first began to be talked about, and a reply to it was published immediately afterward. It was astonishing that the *Herald* should have made a sensation out of such very ancient material. The only explanation of its course was that there was no one of those now connected with the paper who worked for it before the Beecher trial. The mistake was not the fault of the autobiography which gave all the facts connected with the matter. He was not inclined to talk any further on the subject nor to re-open any of the questions formerly pending between him and Beecher. Neither does he care to have his personal affairs in general brought in any way before the public, his only apparent desire being to live—the world forgetting, by the world forgot. He is not engaged, so far as known, in any serious labor, though he is said to do some writing for some American newspapers. As a chess player he is said to be a success.

Abnormal Sleep.

Familiar as is normal sleep, no one can fully explain it. It is, nevertheless, a blessed fact. Though it seems to take one-third from our life, it really prolongs it by the daily renewing of vigor.

Some of the abnormal forms of sleep exhibit strange phenomena. We need not dwell on sleep induced by opiates; the lethargy of apoplexy, and, what is doubtless akin to it, the sleep of the drunkard, the Coma of Bright's disease and diabetes, and the almost irresistible sleep caused by freezing cold.

The sleep of somnambulism is a very interesting form. The person will get up and go abroad in the darkness and the most dangerous situations wholly without fear. The power of sight is often greatly exalted, and seems sometimes wholly independent of ordinary vision.

Another form is that of catalepsy. In this there is an entire loss of sensibility and ordinary consciousness. The limbs may be placed in any position, the most grotesque and uncomfortable, and they remain so, as if they were made of wax.

Still another form is that of hyynotism, or mesmerism, induced on susceptible subjects by skilled manipulators. The person becomes insensible to pain, and his will is entirely subject to that of the experimenter. The barest suggestion through any sense is sufficient to put the person under the dominance of the idea suggested.

Akin to artificial hypnotism is a morbid condition into which persons of a nervous organization sometimes fall. The celebrated "Soho Sleeper" would for many years, fall asleep for a fortnight or more at a time, meanwhile exhibiting more or less of the peculiar characteristics of hypnotism. Many similar cases might be cited, for hardly a month passes when the newspapers do not tell the wonderful story of some "sleeping girl," who has been living unconscious for weeks; but some of the cases are not only interesting scientifically, but pathetic.

In 1745 the wife of an English colonel apparently died. The husband persistently refused to have her buried, and watched over her cold and motionless body for eight days.

Suddenly, on the bells of a church ringing, she started up, saying: "It is the last prayer-bell; it is time to go."

A lady patient was requesting to have a hot-water bottle put to her feet, saying, "I feel"—when she passed into a cataleptic state and remained in it tnree hours. On opening her eyes she ended her sentence—"a great cold over my whole body."

Julia and the Count.

"My beautiful Choolia, I neffer tire of luking at your lofely hair!"

The young couple sat in the elegant parlor of a hotel, enjoying a tete-a-tete. They were on their wedding tour. Julia Van Slankins, the beautiful Pennsylvania heiress, who had met the distinguished foreign nobleman, Count de Bergamot, while on a visit to her friends in the metropolis, had yielded to the impulsive ardor with which the Count pressed his suit, and after a brief courtship the two were married. Life looked blissful and romantic to the ecstatic young couple, and a future full of rose-embowered vistas, endless moonlight reveries and the dreamy dolce far niente of a tropical Edens, whose existence was guessed by both, but unspoken by either, rose before their rapturous vision.

The head of the beautiful bride rested confidingly on the shoulder of her husband, the noble Count de Bergamot, and at the sound of his voice she looked up.

"I am glad, my dear Count," she said, "that my hair pleases you."

Lifting the lovely head from his shoulder, the noble foreigner ran his fingers through the wavy masses of her golden hair for a few moments in silence, and then, with a differential, suggestive inflection of voice, he absently said:

"Have a shampoo, sir?"

Recovering himself as his bride looked at him with a start of surprise, he drew from his pocket a rather lean wallet, took a bank note from it, and handed it to her.

"My tear Choolia," he said, "let me hat te happiness of gifting you my first present of pinmoniah!"

The fair bride took the note, looked at the figures that indicated its denomination, tapped in a mechanical way on the center table, and called out in a shrill voice:

"C-a-a-a-s-h!"

He Met His Match.

The tide has turned at last. A young man out in Wyoming armed himself with a revolver and sallied out to shoot a young woman who had declined the honor of his hand. But she was prepared for him. She read the papers and had frequently read of shooting under like circumstances. She didn't refuse him without taking into account all the consequences that it might involve, and she quietly resolved that no discarded lover should get the drop on her. When the young man arrived at the house full of his deadly mission he found the fair but cruel one doing the week's ironing. She didn't seem to suspect anything, and he anticipated an easy task in preparing her for the coroner's jury, but when he casually reached toward his hip pocket with the remark that her time had come she said she guessed not, and knocked him down with the flat-iron, breaking his nose and loosening all his front teeth. Then with equal cheerfulness and prodigality she distributed the boiling contents of a teakettle about his person as he lay against the wood box, and when the family rushed into the kitchen to see what was the matter they saw her industriously mopping the floor with the rejected one. The next time he proposes to Gertrude of Wyoming and is refused he will probably conclude that settles it and keep away.

Correct Dress.

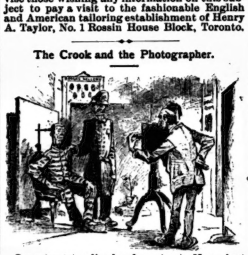
It is surprising how few correctly dressed men are to be seen in so large a city, even, as Toronto. Those who wear elegant clothes are plenty, but elegant garments alone do not enable one to dress correctly. Unless one has cultivated taste or employs a valet who has, he can no more dress properly than a Digger Indian can speak good English. The tailor, if an artist and careful student of dress, can, of course instruct his customer what to wear from hat to boots, but such tailors are not to be found in every store where garments are made to order. They should be, of course, but what should be and what is are two different things. Every day we see scores of men wearing costly suits with shabby hats, clumsy shoes, and badly dressed necks; every day we see elegant and beautifully fitting coats ruined in appearance by having the pockets filled with letters, cigar cases and what not, until they bulge out like stuffed carpet bags, and every day we see in necktie, coat, vest and trousers colors so abominably inharmonious that their wearer looks like a nightmare.

The man who wears a sack suit and a plug hat at a picnic, or a Prince Albert suit with a straw hat to church, however costly the garments are, is badly dressed, and sins against good taste and the tailor.

It seems wicked to ruin the appearance of an elegant suit by hat, tie or shoes, and every tailor should not only protest against it, but should, also, by dressing correctly himself, illustrate the desirability of doing so and assist in educating the taste of others.

Now, SATURDAY NIGHT would strongly advise those wishing any information on this subject to pay a visit to the fashionable English and American tailoring establishment of Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

The Crook and the Photographer.



Operator (at police headquarters)—Now, just as you are for a second, and we'll have your phiz cold.

Crook (elastic-skin man from dime museum)—Not while I'm fixed dis way, Cull!"

He Appreciated a Good Sister.

"So, Marie, you do not love me any longer."

"No, Charles; your recent escapades have made a great change in my heart. I can hereafter be but a sister to you."

"Only a sister, eh!"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say, only a sister."

"A true sister!"

"Yes."

"Well, then, lend me five dollars."

Improperly Prepared.

Eph—I'se godder bite, pop, suah!
Pop—Haul 'm in, chile! haul 'm in! I'se cuttin' moh clams."

Pop (again)—H-hi dar! yo brack imp! Skin yo' bait 'f yer wanter hab luck!

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Who originated the "Ripple!" . . . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Broncho!" . . . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Navy Schottische?" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Gavotte Lancers!" . . . Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Prologue!" . . . . . Prof. Davis
Who composed and published piano music for the above dances . . . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the only Court dance "La Pavane," as danced at the Art Fair? . . . . Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) . Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Maypole Dance," (Art Fair) . Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Rustics" to enter (Art Fair) Prof. Davis
Who taught the Ladies their "March," (Art Fair) . . . . . Prof. Davis
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We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits—the manufacturer's and our own—which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.
W. & D. DINEEN
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.
Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

WHEATON & CO.
ALWAYS AHEAD WHEN A NEW
London Style
COMES OUT. SEE THE LATEST
NEW SCARFS
"THE LOUIS PHILLIPE"
"THE VIVIAN"
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. ALSO
NEW ENGLISH COLLARS
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
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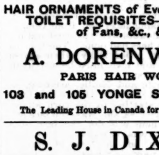
Ladies' Frontpieces
SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR
WEAR IN WARM WEATHER

Made of Finest Quality Water-Curled Hair; no trouble re-dressing them; no wiggy nor heavy look about them. Every lady should have one. They are invaluable.
Call and see them and the Big Stock of all kinds of
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GENTS' TOUPEES, WIGS, &c.
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FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge street, cor. Albert.
Beg to announce that in order to make room for several new departments this fall, their
Grand Summer Clearing Sale
will continue till 15th August. GREAT BARGAINS will be offered in every department.
Prints, Ginghams, Chambrays, Muslins, Lawns, etc., etc.
In all the fashionable shades and combinations.
Black and Colored Silks and Satins, Cashmeres, Nun's Veilings, Henrietta Cloths, Gloves, Hosiery, Boating Shawls and Parasols
at from 20 to 30 per cent. discount.
Mantles, Dolmans, Jerseys and Summer Wraps
a beautiful assortment at 50 per cent. (fifty per cent.) discount. INSPECTION INVITED. MOURNING GOODS a specialty.
H. S. MORISON & CO.
Successors to J. Pittman & Co.

Don's First Ocean Trip.

I do not know that I have any reason to be ashamed of the confession that I had never been on an ocean steamer until I went aboard the Cunarder Aurania on the 5th of May last, but it is a fact all the same and I can now appreciate the feelings of the inland peasantry, who have never been a half-score leagues from home, when they leave their native heath for America, and as never before, comprehend how they dread to leave their friends for a shore three thousand miles away. To anyone born on this continent a thousand miles seems but a trifle, and I can remember in the good old days of little horseback rides from the *mesas* of Mexico to Colorado, twelve hundred miles, with no company but my horse over prairies almost as trackless as the ocean. But the three thousand miles of water between New York and Queenstown oppressed me with the idea of distance, and thoughts of the week on the Atlantic, cut off from all communication with the world were heavy with loneliness and separation. When I said good-bye to the one dearest to me the farewell meant just a little more to me than any I had ever said, except to those who are going on that voyage "whence the shadow of their returning sails n'er touch the waves of time." To those who have crossed the ocean often, to me now, though I have only crossed it twice, the "where" of the sea" is meaningless, and the idea of the distance and separation almost absurd. But at the outset of the first voyage it is a very real and rather dismal thing, even though it does not last and familiarity breeds indifference. Still there is enough of the old sentiment left in me to make me admire the nerve of Columbus when he went continent-hunting 400 years ago in his old tubs with a gang of half-scared and superstitious sailors.

Saying good bye is never a very jolly thing; but a couple of thousand people crowding a pier to say farewell to the half-thousand on the ship, to anyone with any imagination or ordinary sympathy, is a moving sight. Before the gangway is lifted you see them shaking hands and hear them saying, "You must write every day and tell me all about everything"; "Now be sure and write"; "Give my love to grandfather"; "Now, we will expect you home in three months at the very latest"; "Good-bye"; "Good-bye; I hope you won't be sick; Good-bye," and a thousand other exclamations. Then the crowds swarm up on the ship and go down and see the state-rooms, come up and say "good-bye" again, and "Now, write every day" and "send their love" over again in fresh batches and cry a little bit and say good-bye again and look dolefully at one another. Then finally the last bell rings, there is a sudden sobbing and handshaking and kissing and the voyagers are left alone, the ship begins to move, the people on the pier shout "good-bye," the people on the ship lean over and wave their handkerchiefs and shout "good-bye," and as the vessel moves slowly out a thousand handkerchiefs are waving, the people on the pier begin to lose their individuality and distinctness, and the mass of millinery looks like a flower garden; you can hardly distinguish those whose shapely arms are waving a cambric signal of farewell from the poor old dames with battered bonnets and back-number dresses, who with equal fervor and perhaps greater sorrow are leaning anxiously forward to get a last view of some loved one who is leaving. Strange how those on the deck are watching for the last sight of their friends! They are eagerly pointing to those they recognize, sometimes with the half-hysterical laughing which so often comes with the sincerest grief. The cabin passengers seem to be old travelers and are hardened, but on the steerage deck, among people who had been in America for years, and were returning to the old countries, perhaps to stay or to make long visits to their friends there, was the uncontrollable sobbing of some, the utter forgetfulness of surroundings and disregard of cynical criticism which mark leave-takings which may be forever, and one old woman felt so badly and clung with such wild weeping to the arm of her son, that I had to get in behind a boat and cry a little myself just for sympathy, and because I felt a little choked on my own account.

Remember, I am writing this for the people who have never been to sea, who, as I had myself, have rather hazy notions of "how the old thing works." No doubt the dry goods gentlemen and tourists have crossed so often that it seems a trifle, and if they have forgotten their first experience, what I have to say will strike them as the confessions of ignorance.

As a matter of fact an ocean voyage nowadays on a first class liner is as safe and unadventurous as swinging in a hammock under a tree, and after it is over there seems nothing to say about it except that the weather was fine and there were a lot of pleasant people on board. Talking about people I somehow expected to find a rather superior class on an ocean steamer. This was probably because I had never been on one before. What surprised me most was the air of alert hoggishness which seemed to mark the conduct of a good many. They seemed to want to sit at the head of the table with the captain, the doctor or the purser, or have a high place somewhere in the synagogue. There seem to be two kinds of nautical hog—the experienced and inexperienced mariner. The experienced pork appears to know exactly where the trough is, and at once rushes to it and burrows his head therein. He gets the best seat because he knows where it is, and he elbows the greenhorn and glares at the self-assertive tenderfoot in a way which I despise. But the new adventurer on the sea, who has resolved that he will get everything he pays for and not be sat upon because he has never been there before, is still more offensive. He doesn't know where to go for the best, but he is continually in a wild state of commotion, and rushes around hunting for that which he thinks he ought to devour, and is continually asking questions of the officers and stewards and sailors, and everybody else who will listen to him, and is in continual panic for fear some one else is getting greater value for his money than he is. Equally vulgar is the too-numerous class who imagine because they have paid $100 or thereabouts for their ticket, that they own the ship. In proportion to their lack of good manners they kick—because their state-room is too far forward or too much aft, or too low down or too high up; and though the Cunard company are exceedingly generous in furnishing a table which is equal to that of almost any first-class New York hotel, these prigs are continually abusing their food and exclaiming to their neighbors that they are not used to eating stuff like this. They don't have nothing better than mush and milk at home, with shin-bone soup once a week, are the loudest in their complaints. It is a generally accepted fact by travelers that the kicker is the man who has never fared as well before, and tries to conceal the fact that it is the first time he ever saw a square meal.

Talking about the victualling of an ocean liner, the immense refrigerators filled with meat, butter, vegetables, milk and fruit are a sight to see. Of course a ship has to be supplied with much more than enough, lest accident or delay make the voyage longer than is expected. Against accidents the Cunard Company make elaborate precautions. Every piece of machinery is in duplicate, and one cannot conceive of a mishap which is not provided for. I was down to see the engines, and sixteen feet below the water followed the immense shaft to where it leaves the ship and is attached to the screw "which makes 60 to 70 revolutions per minute, propelling the ship over seventeen miles an hour—the speed of an ordinary passenger train. Seventy men are engaged as stokers and engineers, and the whole crew nummber two hundred and fifty. The Aurania is a magnificent ship with one of the largest saloons on the ocean, containing five long tables with enough revolving chairs on each side to seat 400 people. Eleven times around the promenade deck is a mile, and I can conceive of no greater comfort than lying stretched on a deck chair beneath the awnings. I tell you it is great fun to be able to lie down for a whole day and have enough life around you to make it interesting. You are safe from telegrams and duns and the man who wants to come in and read your exchanges and tell you how to edit the paper.

Getting accquainted on shipboard is very much like forming friendships in a strange town. Everybody wants to scrutinize every body else before making any advances, and one finds it a wise rule to wait a day or two before making any overtures. Those who are most anxious to get acquainted are very often the least interesting or desirable and, if you get into their set you get barred out of others, for socially the people form into cliques with the same disagreeable readiness which characterizes the social world on land. There is the smoking-room crowd who principally play poker and drink brandy and toddy from start to finish, with a recess now and then for auction pool on the speed of the ship or matching sovereigns. There is generally a genial shark who has crossed the ocean often enough to gobble the money of the greenhorns, who reckless with drink and anxious to make up their losses are always ready to gamble at someone's else game. A notable instance of this was a young man connected with one of the cable companies who "sat in" a game of poker on the Saturday night he started and stayed with it till Thursday night when he went broke, burst into tears and rushed from the smoking-room to hide in his cabin. Everybody felt sorry but nobody showed any inclination to give him back his stuff. He was going to see a sick father and mother and hadn't enough money left to buy him a railway ticket from Liverpool. The Fates were kinder to him than were his fellow-passengers, for that evening he had bought a ticket in an auction pool and at noon next day it was found that his ticket had won, and the friends, who had soured on him the night before, rushed off to his state-room, where he lay sick, to tell him his luck had changed, and that he had won fifty-three pounds. He immediately sat in another little game of poker, but a committee intimated to him that he had better keep his money and not do any more bawling. It shows that the lesson was no good to him, and that is about the only moral one can find.

While one cannot help feeling sorry for the fresh young man who makes an ass of himself in the presence of his fellow passengers—who by the way were over two hundred in number—a greater share of sympathy should be reserved for the fresh young woman who gets acquainted too easily and forgets the prudence that her mamma taught her. She is delighted with the opportunity to promenade the deck with everyone who invites her, and the other women on the ship sour on her and stay sour till they land. She flirts in the moonlight, and is frequently detected exchanging hand squeezes and endearments with men whom two days before she had never seen. She thinks she is so far away from home she can afford to have a good time, and takes the very means of having the worst kind of a trip and having played herself out gets so sick of herself that she doesn't know what to do. I have in my mind a special example of the flighty young miss who insisted on allowing the passengers to know that she wore lace and striped hose. She could not sit down in a deck chair without exhibit "A" being produced, or get up without filing exhibit "B," and before she had been three days out she was as lonely as a cat in a strange garret, for she was tabooed by the women, and the men were afraid to go near her for fear they would be barred out by the other women. And there were some married ladies too, whose husbands were not present, who excited considerable remark. They drank champagne with the gentlemen till the blush which should have come would have been lost in the wine-flush on their cheeks. I am no prude, and perhaps I didn't act very pretty myself, but I felt ashamed for their husbands' sakes.

But if one is inclined to feel sorry for the fresh ones, sincere pity is deserved for those stiff, rigid ladies who find no fun in the voyage at all. They sit like a lot of rag dolls in chairs, with rugs around their feet, muffled up in ulsters, their presumably fair forms concealed by as many wraps as a mummy. Day unto day utereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge, but there they sit reading or sleeping or staring blankly at the wilderness of waters beyond and the galore of human nature which passes and repasses without exciting anything in them but turgid wonder how people can become well enough acquainted with each other in three or four days to speak as they pass by. There was one old maid I noticed particularly. I think she must have paid the deck steward half a pound to wrap a rug around her before any of the rest of us got on deck. I reckon she was afraid that somebody should run a her ankle-strings, though I may say there was no one looking, not even the man in the moon. I think she must have had her skirts loaded with shot or pig-iron, she sank into her chair with such a sudden thud, and her awful caution made everybody laugh when she had a spasm of tucking the rug around her.

Lady Henry Grosvenor, wife of the third son of the Duke of Westminster, was on board, and was not only the leader of what assumed to be our best society, but the jolliest and most unaffected of any of the women. She is at least six years her husband's senior and awfully stout. I used to meet her in the narrow hall in the morning going to her bath, arrayed in a big white crash dressing-gown, unfettered by form improvers. She filled up the whole aisle, and, as she approached, looked like a load of hay in a snow-storm. Moreover, she had a pair of black side-whiskers, and a mustache quite as luxuriant as that of her husband, and a foot as big as mine, which is as much as to say that it would blush in the presence of anything less than No. 9. Lord Grosvenor presided at a concert held for the benefit of disabled seamen, and made a speech which was just a little worse than the school-boy effort of the bashful chairman of a country tea-meeting. However, he gave ten pounds towards the charitable object, which excited considerable comment, as he is the son of the richest and meanest man in England. While I was in London I heard a story of his father the "noble juke," who arrived home from a short trip with his valet and was not met by his carriage. His man suggested calling a hansom, but his Grace the juke enquired what was the matter with an omnibus and rode to his palatial mansion on top of a penny 'bus. Lord Henry's wife is a branch of one of the oldest families in England and it is quite evident that she runs the shop.

Talking about wealth, there was a couple on board who had lots of it evidently, but they lacked the power of making friends and were left entirely to themselves. As they sat apart in bitterness I heard him complaining of the snobbery of the crowd and talking in a strain which made it evident that he and his wife had expected to cut quite a wide swath. "We 'ad a better time comin' hover in th' steerage, 'adn't we, 'enry?" she answered. He looked around to see if I had heard, and then glared at her for giving it away.

After all a shipload of passengers is very little more interesting than a train-load or a hotel full of people, only they are kept together long enough for one to see their peculiarities. Fortunately the sea was smooth, and no one had reason to be seasick, though some of the ladies insisted they were and put on the most languid airs and kept their husbands and the stewards on the trot all day. These poor men must have hailed the sight of land with as much joy as Noah hailed the top of Ararat.

I never cares for the sight of land till he has been away from it a spell. While we were waiting for the first sight of Fastnet, after a most delightful voyage, every eye was on the outlook, eagerly watching for the first gleam from the lighthouse. Stray fishing vessels grew into a fleet, the seagulls hovered around the ship in flocks, and at ten o'clock the "look-out" announced the light. It was two o'clock on Sunday morning when we lay at anchor in the harbor at Queenstown with the tender alongside. Every rope and spar of the Aurania was sharply outlined against the brightening sky and the dawn, which comes nearly five hours earlier than to our western land, was changing the grey twilight of morning into the brightness of day, making visible all the vessels and headlands and the fortress in the Irish harbor. In that mysterious light my friend and I said good bye to the Aurania, and in the midst of tons of mailbags started in quest of adventure in the Emerald Isle.

I have only one word to say regarding my friend and traveling companion, he snores, and I suspected him of being sorry I wasn't seasick. Two people traveling together have a pretty severe trial of their friendship, especially if they are in a ship cabin together for seven days; but we stood it first-rate and much of the pleasure of the trip was due to his genial companionship. But if our friendship hadn't been cemented by many years I believe I would have kicked on the sixth consecutive night I heard him snore. Nothing but strong affection could excuse such a stentorian, brass-band, steam-plano, fog-horn snore as he carries in his aristocratic looking nose. I would have given a dollar for a clothes-pin or a tremolo stop or an octave-coupler or something to change the tune with which he regaled me for seven nights and three matinees a week. I have forgiven this, but the torturing eagerness with which he looked into my face to see the signs of sea-sickness suggested a spirit which is not as Pythian as I expected, but thank heaven "the symptoms he longed for never came."

I have been so long getting to Ireland that I will have to leave the description over till next week, when I will deal with Queenstown, Cork and Blarney castle (with illustrations), and the following week there will be Killarney with pictures of the lakes, Colleen Bawn, Tor Waterfall, and Muckross Abbey. DON.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker have gone to Baker's Island, Lake Rosseau, for the summer. Professor Baker, who is now taking a trip down Lake Georgo, will join them in the early part of July. Muskoka is already filling up with summer visitors, and many new residences meet the eye on every side. In the Indian River, just outside of Port Carling, the Rev. T. W. Jeffery and Rev. James Metcalfe have built two very pretty houses, which is quite an addition to that part. Fishing is particularly good this season.

Personal.

Above is the portrait of Miss Lizzie Higgins, who has just returned to Toronto after a residence of three years in Leipzig, Germany, where she has devoted her time to the study of music. Her special excellence is as a pianist, and the diploma, which she brings with her from the world-renowned Leipzig Conservatory of music, bears flattering testimony to her proficiency. At the Leipzig Conservatory pupils are not transformed into bachelors of music or something else with an equally high-sounding title by a mere process of examination. On the contrary, each person leaving the conservatory receives a diploma signed by the directors and the pupil's own professors testifying, to pianist terms, to his or her own particular attainments. Miss Lizzie Higgins has braved the trying ordeal, and stood it honorably. Her diploma bears the signatures of such eminent musicians as Professors Teichmuller, Oscar Paul and Quasdorf, and testifies that she has reached an exceedingly high degree of excellence, particularly at the piano, in harmony and counterpoint, that she has a good *technique* and a remarkably brilliant execution. It also states that at the public test before the whole conservatory, she met with great and well-earned applause. With such flattering comments to mark her departure from the German metropolis of music, there is little fear that she will disappoint the audiences of Toronto.

Mrs. A. Webber and family are spending the summer months in a furnished cottage at Excelsior, Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

The Toronto Press Club is picnicing to-day at the Humber. Two trains leave the Union Station, the first at two o'clock and the second at three.

Mr. A. F. Pirie, lately of the *Telegram*, now of the Montreal *Star*, contributed an excellent article on Hon. William Macdougall to the last number of the *Week*.

Mrs. Webber and daughters, Misses Louie and Laura, will return to Toronto in September, leaving George F. Webber in Minneapolis, where he is engaged in business.

Mr. Frederick Jewell and his two daughters, Miss Minnie and Miss Louisa, leave this morning for a two months' sojourn at the Maplehurst Hotel, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ROBERTSON—At 221 Carlton street, Toronto, on 2nd inst., Mrs. Alex. R. Robertson—a daughter.

MCKENZIE—At 73 Jamison avenue, Parkdale, on 2nd inst., Mrs. Joseph E. Rogers—a son.

ADDIE—At 456½ King street west, on 1st inst., Mrs. J. Addie—a son.

GOODERHAM—On 2nd inst., Mrs. W. G. Gooderham—a son.

PERRY—At 175 Dovercourt road, Toronto, on 1st inst., Mrs. Geo. Perry—a son.

LYTLE—At 222 McCaul street, on 2nd inst., Mrs. T. A. Lytle—a son.

MCGUIGE—At Toronto, on June 21, Mrs. E Dudley Gough—a daughter.

MORRISON—At The Elms, Beverley street, on 4th inst., Mrs. L. A. Morrison—a daughter.

BLACKLEY—At 45 Cecil street, on 2nd inst., Mrs. Wm. Blackley—a son.

MARSHALL—At Little York, on June 28, Mrs. Geo. Marshall—a son.

CHANT—At Blackwater, on June 26, Mrs. J. H. Chant—a son.

TESKEY—At Toronto, on June 24, Mrs. W. R. Teskey—a son.

Marriages.

PERRY—HAY—On June 26, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. J. A. Carmichael, John Ham Perry to Louie Hay, both of Whitby, Ont.

BURDETT—MCKERRALL—On June 27, at the residence of the bride's father, Victoria avenue, Chatham, by Rev. W. Walker, assisted by Rev. A. McCall, Charles Green of Toronto, to Maggie A., daughter of John McKerrall.

KIRKBRIDE—KIRK—On June 29, at Almont, Mich., Roger L. Kirkbride of Toronto, to Sadie, daughter of Enoch Kerr of Almont.

PACEY—SMITH—On June 28, at the residence of T. A. Harris, Euclid avenue, Toronto, (uncle of the bride), by Rev. Geo. J. Barclay, Mr. Benjamin Pacey, to Miss Margaret Smith, both of Toronto.

SALLEY—DIXON—On June 28, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, by Rev. Father McBride, Edward Salley, jr., Lachine Rapids, Quebec, to Margaret Louise, daughter of J. J. Dixon of Toronto.

HARLEY—ELRICK—On June 25, by Rev. Mr. McGregor, Joseph Harkley of Toronto, to Jenny Wilson, third daughter of Mr. C. G. Elrick.

MCWHINNEY—STRONG—On June 27, at Trinity church, Galt, by Rev. G. C. McKenzie, assisted by Rev. J. C Garrett, Wilson Austin McWhinney, Cleveland, Ohio, to Hester Kent, youngest daughter of R. S. Strong, Purbeck Hill, Galt.

MCKICHAN—SMITH—On July 4, at the residence of the bride's parents, 151 McCaul street, by Rev. John Pickering, John McMillan, jr., to Minnie E., only daughter of W. F. Smith.

PHILLIPS—McMILLAN—On June 28, at the residence of the bride's father, Oshawa, by Rev. Kenneth MacLennan, M.A., W. C. Phillips of Toronto, to Ella Louise, second daughter of Thos. H. McMillan.

BURDETT—MCCREADY—At Walkerton, by Rev. W. Shortt, B.D., David R. Burdett of Stratford, to Louise Jessie, second daughter of A. Bernard McCready.

ATTCHISON—BREBNER—At Sarnia, Ont., by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Richard Scott Atchison of Edinburgh, Scotland, to Jean Ellen, eldest daughter of John Brebner of West Lambton.

DARPELL—ARTHUR—On June 27, at the Methodist Church, Consecon, by Rev. C. E. McLean, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. W. Jolliffe, J. G. Campbell of Lindsay, to Anna N. Arthur, daughter of the late Hugh Arthur of Consecon.

HAHL—NICHOLSON—On June 28, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1 Fenning street, by Rev. Dr. Briggs, Wm. C. Dahl of Orangeville, to Catherine (Lottie) Nicholson, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Nicholson.

CUMMINGS—CUYLER—On June 27, at Pleasant Valley farm, the residence of John Hart of Brooklin, by Rev. H. Reid, Alfred E. Cummings of Toronto, to Laura Cuyler.

ANTHONY—CARLISLE—On July 2, at the residence of E. Bakwell, Denison avenue, by Rev. Dr. Parker, W. H. Anthony to Sophia Carlisle, both of Peterboro'.

SYMINGTON—COFFEY—On June 27, at the residence of the bride's mother, 395 Hess street north, Hamilton, by Rev. W. J. Maxwell, Hugh Symington, to Georgie, daughter of George H. Coffey.

WINSLOW—BURNS—At 21 West avenue south, Hamilton, by Rev. W. J. Maxwell, Rev. J. W. Winslow, to Miss E. eldest daughter of A. L. Burns.

CASEY—BOYD—On June 27, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, by Rev. E. J. Heenan, V. G., W. H. Casey of Detroit, to Maggie, eldest daughter of D. Boyd.

COLLINS—MULHOLLAND—On June 27, at St. Luke's Church, Hamilton, by Rev. W. Massey, M.A., James Collins, to Clara Ann Mulholland.

MCCAFFREY—ELLIS—On June 27, at Hamilton, by Rev. Dr. Mungo Fraser, James E. McCaffrey to Caroline Ellis.

Deaths.

HOBSON—On June 27, at Toronto, Edward Hobson, aged 76 years.

GRANT—On June 28, at 450 Parliament street, Ellen Grant.

FUDGER—On June 29, Edward Victor Fudger, aged one year.

HIGGIN—On June 27, at Toronto, William Higgin, aged 67 years.

KISSOCK—On June 29, at 25½ Wolseley street, John Joseph Kissock.

PRINGLE—On July 2, at Cobourg, Alex. H. Pringle, aged 79 years.

WILSON—On July 3, at 570½ Yonge street, Mrs. William Wilson.

MUIR—On July 3, at Scarboro', Arch. Muir, aged 43 years.

PLENDERLEITH—On July 3, Peter Plenderleith.

MCDERMID—On June 28, at Owen Sound, Mrs. John McDermid, aged 66 years

FITZGERALD—On July 1, John Fitzgerald, hotelkeeper, aged 56 years.

COOPER—On June 26, at Hamilton, William Henry Cooper, aged 44 years.

DOMVILLE—On June 27, at Hamilton, Arthur William Domville, aged six months.

BATES—On June 27, at Bartonville, Julietta Bates, aged 74 years.

MASHINTER—On June 28, George Lawrence Mashinter, aged one year.

RANSCH—On June 29, Katie Ransch, aged nine months.

TOD—On June 29, Lizzie Susan Tod, of Bowmanville.

RICHARDSON—On July 1, Harry Chester Richardson, Burlington, aged 19 years.

PEARSON—On July 2, at Sturgeon Point Hotel, Carleton James Pearson, aged 11 months.

WHITELEY—On June 30, at Lucknow, Ont., Robert James Whiteley, aged 46 years.

BUTT—On July 3, at Toronto, Annie Butt.

HEATHERLY—On July 4, at Toronto, Edward A. Heatherly, aged 29 years.

SMITH—On July 4, at Toronto, Joseph Smith, aged 46 years.

HARRIS—On June 28, at 408 Parliament street, Mrs. James Harris, aged 62 years.

GRAVELLA—On June 28, at Concord, Margaret Gravella, aged 67 years.

WALLACE—On June 22, at Campbellford, Samuel Wallace, M.D.

ARNOLD—On June 23, at Montreal, Mrs. H Arnold.

O'CONNOR—On June 28, at 107 Bathurst street, Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, aged 47 years

Out of Town.

BELLEVILLE.

The complimentary hop tendered the members of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association brought out the youth and beauty of the city and a large number of visitors from abroad, among whom we noticed Misses Roberts, A. M. A. Simpson, Tillie and Sarah Levin, Duval, Barrett of Montreal; Misses Martin, Addie White, Bertie Day, Jennie Christie, Annie Beasley, Helen and Florence Meyers of Trenton; Misses Martin, Palen, Lake and Hadden of Picton; Maggie Robinson of Napanee, and Wilson of Oshawa; Misses Conant of Cedardale; Miss O'Flynn of Madoc; Lou Fowlds of Hastings; Mabel Herring of Napanee, and dozens of others of whom our reporter could not learn the names. While the *élite* of Belleville were represented by Mrs. Henry Corby, Mrs. E. Corby, Mrs. J. T. Warrington, Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Mrs. M. Wilson, Mrs. J. C. Jamieson, Mrs. A. E. Brignall, Mrs. T. C. Lazier, Mrs. J. W. Walker, Mrs. Geo. Desmark, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mrs. E. G. Porter, Mrs. R. P. Davy, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. S. A. Hyman, Mrs. J. D. Devlin, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. B. McCargar, while the bevy of younger beauties contained Miss Starling, Miss Ida Starling, Misses Sisson, Miss M. Falkiner, Mabel Wilson, Miss Corbett, Rosie Denmark, Evelyn Bowell, Stella Taylor, Bella, Tillie and Pauline Newbury, Maude, Clara and Aggie Diamond, Lena and Bessie Stimson, Nellie Mason, Edith Stimpson, Annie Willis, Miss Henderson, Mabel Hunter, Minnie Davy, Miss Irwin, Nellie Ransome, Minnie DaCon, May Price, Minnie and Alma Cherry, Misses Pierson, Minnie Brintnell, Maud Lazier, Minta McFee, Georgie Gordon, Katie Coleman, Miss Laura Mackie, Miss Corby, Annie Smith. While the hop was intended to be of an informal nature the ladies seemed to vie with each other in the bewildering beauties of costume, and the rink was a charming sight and one that will be remembered.

OTTAWA.

GRAVES—BUCKE—On June 18, at the residence of the bride's uncle, James Digges La Touche, Esq., commissioner Indian civil service, Simla, Upper Burma, by the Rev. Latham Brown, Capt. Henry Somerset Paul Graves, 20th Punjab Infantry, Deputy Inspector General of military police, Mandalay, to Florence Edith, eldest daughter of F. E. Bucke, Esq., Swiss Cottage, Daly avenue.

When Miss Edie Bucke left Ottawa two years ago to visit her uncle's family in India she was one of the fashionable belles of the city, slightly above the medium height, of fine physique, highly cultured and of the most winning manners. She was certainly one of the finest, most Indian girls who have left us for a foreign shore. Miss Bucke is a niece of Mr. R. W. Bucke, M. D., superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ont.

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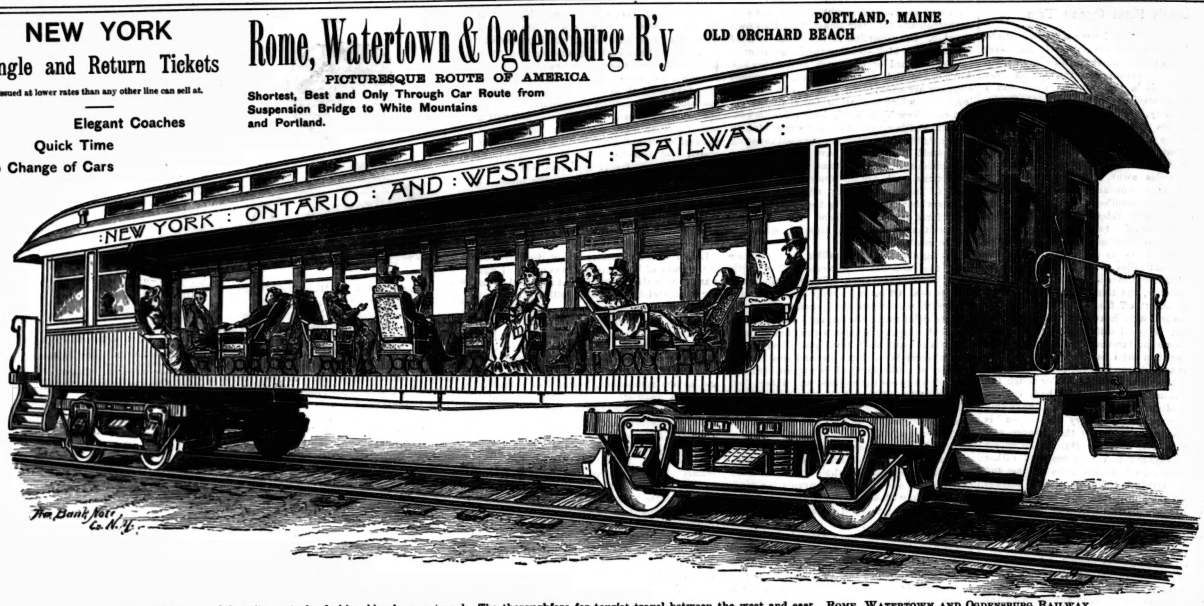

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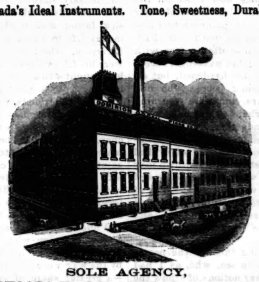

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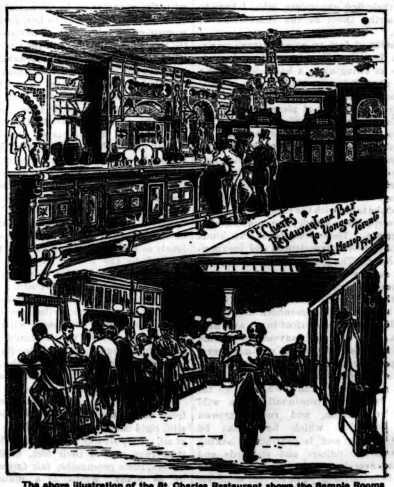

The above illustration of the St. Charles Restaurant shows the Sample Rooms and Lunch Counter. Upstairs are the best furnished, most beautifully decorated and exclusive Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Rooms in the city.